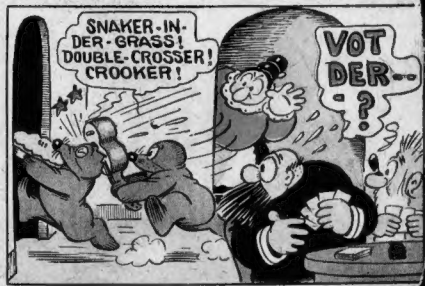


DINGLE-HOOFER AND HIS DOG ADOLPH BY KNERR

THE MONKEY HAS BEEN LEADING POOR DINGY AND THE BOY A SORRY CHASE! HE RAN OVER A LOG ACROSS A CREEK AND WHEN DINGY TRIED TO CROSS, THE LOG ROLLED AND DUMPED HIM IN THE WATER! -- NOW WHAT---



The Katzenjammer Kids



THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

Magazine Section of the
Boston Sunday Advertiser

Sunday

Aug. 31, 1930

Copyright, 1930, in the United States of America by American Weekly, Inc. All Rights Reserved Under International Copyright, Including Foreign Rights. Reproduction in Original or in Translation is Expressly Forbidden.

The Diary of a Lady's Maid

by the Brilliant
Satirist
Fish



1

MRS. TUMWATER was furious after the morning mail came yesterday. She had written to the Metropolitan Opera asking them to reserve a box in the Diamond Horseshoe, and she received a letter telling her that these boxes must be taken by the season, anyway only certain families can get them at that, and they are more or less inherited. She asked James Q. to complain about it. Mr. Tumwater finally said he would borrow one from a man in Wall Street who owed him a lot of money.



2

AND so Mr. Tumwater spoke to the Wall Street man, and he said certainly he could have his box at the opera.



3

WHEN Mrs. Tumwater came home last night she was beaming all over. It seems that in the box next to theirs were two young men, Ferdy Vinelander and Dick Robot, whose families have had boxes there since the cornerstone of the Metropolitan was laid. Ferdy had met Miss Vera somewhere before, and they just simply abandoned their own party, and after the opera was over they joined the Tumwaters and persuaded James Q. to take them all to a night club.

Copyright, 1930, by American Weekly, Inc.



5

MRS. TUMWATER'S nightly athletic diversion isn't as strenuous as her morning one. But Mr. Tumwater has one of those spanking machines working from a sort of flywheel, and Mrs. Tumwater, who has been watching it work, is thinking seriously of taking it away from him.

(To Be Continued)



4 WHEN they got there Mrs. Tumwater got an awful jolt. She didn't tell me this herself, but Miss Doris couldn't keep it to herself and let out to me what happened. It seems Mrs. Tumwater was a waitress in a Western restaurant when Cissie, the hostess, and she were both girls. As they entered the night club Cissie was sitting on her piano greeting her guests facetiously.

When she saw the Tumwaters she called: "Hello, Clara, fancy seeing you here! Hey, chef, a stack of hot cakes and a bucket of suds! Both Robot and his cousin just laughed, although my mistress is said to have turned a sort of ebony pink, and they said: "You know, Mrs. Tumwater, Cissie is a marvelous kiddie and gets away with murder, but we New Yorkers just love it!"

The Irish Senora's Astonishing Masquerade as a Cuban Heiress

WHEN Professor Edward J. McShane, mathematics instructor at the University of Chicago, reported to the authorities several months ago that his fiancée had disappeared on the eve of their wedding, a country-wide search for Kyra Carillo was started. Senorita Carillo, the professor told the police, was the daughter of a very wealthy Cuban sugar planter, and he was terribly frightened lest she had fallen into the clutches of kidnappers. It was also possible, he admitted, that she had fled to New Orleans to her relatives or family friends.

Through feverish weeks police and private investigators conducted a ceaseless hunt for the pretty heiress, who because she was ignorant of the pitfalls of a big city, must have fallen into the power of crooks.

But until the other day, not a single trace of Kyra could be found. It was a newspaper reporter, who had studied her photograph, who located her in Denver and it was to him that Kyra reluctantly admitted that she wasn't Kyra Carillo at all, but Velma Odey, a telephone operator. And although, when unmasked, she was performing as a Spanish dancer in a cabaret, she eventually confessed that she was not Cuban, nor even Spanish, but was a matter of fact, she was Irish.

Her masquerade, she said, had been undertaken in quest of adventure and romance, and to test her ability as an

actress. Even to the very last, though recognized, she affected her Spanish accent.

The reporter, who had been in Minneapolis when "Kyra" disappeared from Chicago, seven weeks later found himself employed on a Denver newspaper. He dropped into a night club one evening and saw that the principal attraction for the younger members of Denver's social set was a pretty Spanish dancer. As soon as he saw her the reporter spotted her as the missing Kyra.

At the first opportunity he "cut in." But when he suggested that she was the vanished heiress, her red lips parted to reveal pearly teeth and a tinkling laugh rippled from her throat. "What crazy idea you have!" she protested.

But she wouldn't give him her confidence. So the reporter went to the owner of the club. They knew nothing about the dancer except that she had dropped in and asked for a job. They did

Velma Odey, the Denver Telephone Operator, in the Role of a Cuban Heiress, Wearing a Spanish Dance Costume Which So Greatly Helped Her Masquerade.



Velma as herself, but of such a decidedly Spanish type that no one suspected she was Irish until Reporter Drew Her Amazing Story From Her.

up knees and rattled off a yarn that would do credit to the most seasoned fiction writer—the same yarn she has spun to Professor McShane.

She prefaced the story with details of her childhood on her father's plantation; a runaway episode born of too close supervision by her tutor-guardian; her father's decision, last October, to permit her to go alone to New Orleans for a visit with family friends.

Her accent, gestures, mannerisms, all lent authenticity to the story.

The head of the butterfly is like that of a mouse and the expression fierce and predatory. This, obviously, is how the creatures look to other insects of their own size, and doubtless the menacing mien of the harmless little butterfly protects it from its enemies.

Changing Pretty Insects Into Monsters

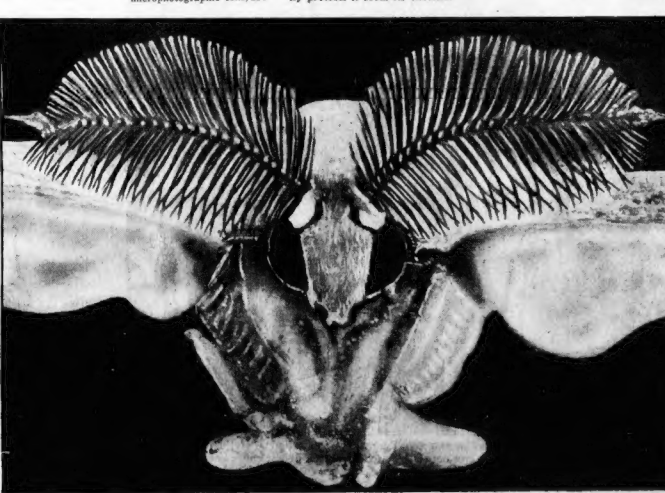
MICROPHOTOGRAPHY—the process of photographing minute objects through the lens of a powerful microscope—is revealing to scientists daily more secrets of the insect world, and assisting to a great degree the bacteriologist in his endless hunt for germs.

The microphotographic process has become so finely developed that the smallest of creatures when pictured in detail take on astounding proportions, and some of the most beautiful and colorful creatures of the insect world, when they are reproduced, are turned into awe-inspiring monsters. The microbes in a single glass of ordinary drinking water, under the microphotographic lens, are

shown as fearsome monstrosities. Even the vegetable matter in the water takes on a weird perspective and has all the density of a jungle.

Photographs thus made afford the only method of exploring a hitherto almost invisible field. One of the most interesting of insect microphotographs is that shown on this page. It is the photograph, close-up, of a Chinese night butterfly, a delicately beautiful creature when viewed by the naked eye. Under the lens, however, the tiny antennae become to the micro camera a gigantic set of antlers and seem to be constructed on the principle of frithers.

The head of the butterfly is like that of a mouse and the expression fierce and predatory. This, obviously, is how the creatures look to other insects of their own size, and doubtless the menacing mien of the harmless little butterfly protects it from its enemies.



Head of a Chinese Night Butterfly Shown in a Microphotograph, Revealing the Antennae, Which Resemble the Antlers of a Moose.

© 1924, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

"When I am there I don't know," she said, with an expressive gesture. "That Mac he got angry because I have no manners. He don't like because my hair is too long."

"I want make what you call whoopee, but Mac he see keep straight face always. I like 'trow my call whoopee on floor... an' place... get make no des'france to me. But Mac... Her long, tapering fingers rose to her smooth throat, "he see always feel like these."

And so on for an hour. The reporter took it all down. Then he called for a photographer. The senora was hesitant.

"I wish I don't hev to make peccature," she protested.

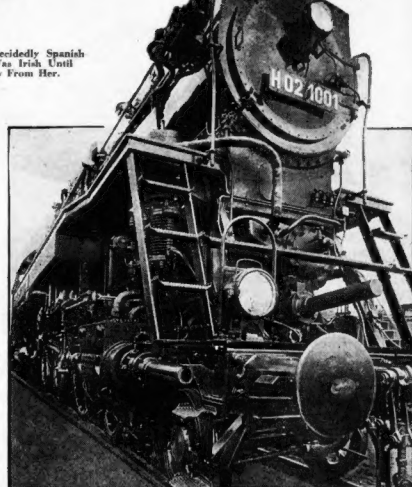
The reporter was insistent and the senora finally agreed on condition that she be permitted to pose in Spanish costume.

It was the "peccature" that, figuratively speaking, blew the senora out of the water.

Several hours after it had been published an unidentified young woman telephoned the newspaper office.

"That senora, whatever you call it, in tonight's paper, she had a lot of fun. I feel sort of naked like, stripped of my other personality. That name certainly made me feel like I was someone."

When asked if she ever had any real intention of marrying McShane she declared she was ready to go through with the ceremony, but the knowledge that he would learn of the deception overbalanced her with fright.



The New High Pressure Locomotive Recently Completed in Berlin. It Is Capable of Traveling Twenty-five Miles an Hour.

Germany's Curious Locomotive

ENGLAND recently put into service its famous "Hush-Hush" locomotive on the Northeastern Railway route between London and Edinburgh, and engineers from every country in the world gathered to study the revolutionary features of this huge monster, the boiler of which withstands 450 pounds of pressure to the square inch, and whose weight is more than 170 tons.

The most impressive things about the great iron horse are its streamlines, the lack of any visible chimney and its fourteen wheels. It is unique because it does not follow the conventional lines of a locomotive and it has given England a great deal of publicity.

Germany is the first country to attempt to surpass this ultra-modern engine. The Messrs. Schwartzkopff, whose great shops stand outside of Berlin, have just turned out the giant of all locomotives—a monster of the high-pressure type that is not streamlined, but capable of pulling a long train at an average speed of seventy-five miles an hour. It is a coal-burning locomotive and entirely different in construction from any iron horse ever built. It rears to a height of nearly sixteen feet in front, and the boiler can be approached only by scaling ladders built from the front platform. Its boiler will withstand the same amount of pressure as that of the "Hush-Hush" locomotive, but the carriage, superstructure and all weigh less than 120 tons. It is equipped with an air heater which insures air of the most efficient temperature for the firebox draught.

The engineers decided on a coal burner because oil is more expensive in that country, but they promise that the consumption of coal, as compared to that of the ordinary locomotive, will be cut down by 40 per cent. Previous ones have been made, however, to convert it into an oil burner within forty-eight hours.

Despite its light weight, compared to the English engine, its height and general lines give it the appearance of being the largest locomotive in Europe. It has been tried out several times and has met all specifications, but will not be put into commission until five others of the same type are completed.



Countess Elizabeth Vidak, the Viennese Beauty Who Never Appears in Public Without a Silken Wig.

Pays Duty on Her Hair

GRADUALLY Vienna is becoming again the gay center of social life that it was in the days of the Hapsburgs. Steadily the old nobility is disappearing, but the younger generation is restoring the type of social life that was so ruthlessly shattered by the war, and, like Paris, Vienna, having struggled back to a modicum of prosperity, is reaching out again for foibles instead of bread.

The Countess Vidak—really just plain Elizabeth Vidak under the present mode of government—is one of the social leaders in Vienna whose theory is that if the gay capital is again restored to its glories it will become, as it once was, the Mecca for wealthy tourists and the elite of Britain and Germany. It is the Countess who has assumed the leadership in a movement to bring back the good old days.

Countess Vidak is a firm believer in publicity as a means of bringing wealth to a municipality. Good shows and, above all, good music in Vienna, the home of the saluting waltz, she says, will do more than all the commerce chamber's boasting. Sensational attractions at the resorts will bring prosperity much more quickly than all the attempts to solidify the industries.

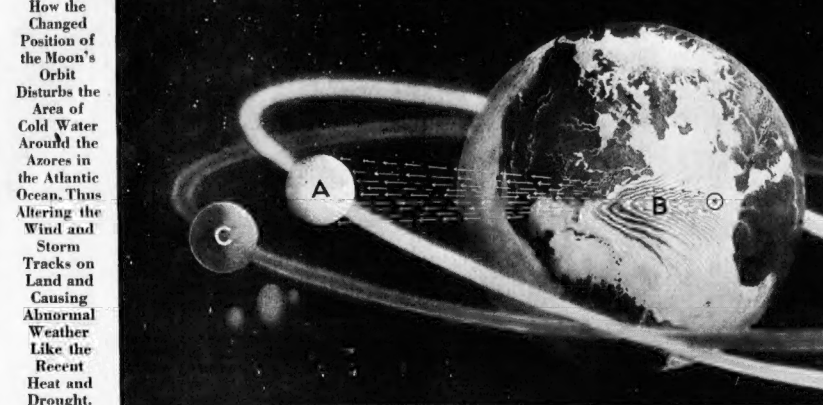
The Countess has convinced herself that publicity pays. She has acquired nation-wide fame personally by her own dashing charm, the manner of her dress, and by the society events which she directs. She has the reputation of being the best dressed woman in Vienna, and she is the only woman in Austria, it is said, who pays duty on her hair. Countess Vidak is seldom seen in public without a silken wig covering her natural tresses. Sometimes the wig is green, sometimes silver; sometimes it is real hair instead of silk. She possesses the most notable and perhaps the most expensive collection of beautiful wigs in the country.

Their average cost is \$150. Some are worth \$250. But as they are all imported from Japan, China and Italy, she is forced to pay a tariff on them. On several occasions she has paid as high as \$50 to the customs inspectors before claiming a new wig.

The fact will probably grow, though as yet few other women have undertaken to rival the beauty either in dress or by appearing in the colored wigs.

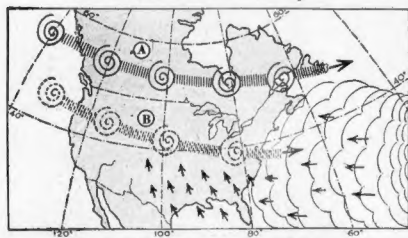
How The Moon Helped Cause Our Disastrous Dry Weather

How the Changed Position of the Moon's Orbit Disturbs the Area of Cold Water Around the Azores in the Atlantic Ocean, Thus Altering the Wind and Storm Tracks on Land and Causing Abnormal Weather Like the Recent Heat and Drought.



(A) Present Orbit of Moon, Relatively Far to the North. Its Attraction Is Especially Powerful on the Waters of the North Atlantic So That the Cold Water Area Near the Azores Islands (in Circle) Is Spread Out Westward as Illustrated by (B).
(C) Approximate Moon Orbit at Other Times, Not So Far North Nor So Close to Earth. The Relative Size of Earth, Moon and Sun's Orbit, as Well as Their Positions, Have Been Simplified for Diagrammatic Clarity.

Meteorologists Explain How Tidal Forces of the Cold, Distant Satellite Stirred Up Curious and Unusual Situations on the Earth Which Were Partly Responsible for the Terrific Heat and Little Rain



How the "Storm Belt" Has Been Displaced.
"A" Indicates the Approximate Path of the Cyclonic Storms This Year. Many Miles North of Their Usual Path, as Indicated by "B" Winds That Normally Enter the Continent, as Indicated by the Arrows Pointing Inland From the Gulf of Mexico, Have Been Disturbed and Have Failed to Bring Rain. Arrows on the Ocean Indicate the Westward Drift of Cold Water, as Shown Also in the Larger Diagram Above.

OF course "nothing happens without a reason" and the abnormal heat and drought this Summer were not an accident. The prolonged high temperatures and continual lack of rain week after week were caused by an unusual situation of some kind somewhere—and now science comes forward and offers an explanation.

At least two fundamental causes have cooperated, many observers agree, to create this year's heat and drought. One is the position of the moon in space, modifying its tidal pull on the earth's oceans. The other is the condition of the sun in its sunspot cycle, determining the variation in the intensity of sunlight during the past four years.

From these two fundamentals spring changes in the circulating currents of the ocean and the distribution of warm and cold ocean water. These mean changes, in turn, alter the usual paths of storms and rain winds over the land, helping to cause unusual drought and heat.

Over the United States the usual track of rain-bringing storms shifted to the north, providing, preliminary records show, unusual rain for parts of Canada but depriving the United States of these rains, which normally fall farther south.

In Europe and Asia similar shifts of storm belts have occurred, but in much more complete fashion; for the weather of Europe is not so simply controlled by its nearby oceans as is that of the eastern United States. In the northern hemisphere preliminary reports tell of too much rain, but in the southern hemisphere, for both the sun and the moon, to act on earth's weather.

Month by month as the moon circles around the earth, which body in its turn is flying at much greater speed and in a far longer path in its yearly journey around the sun, the shape and position of the moon's orbit change a little. From time to time the moon rises higher or lower in the earth's sky, which means, if other factors are the same, that its orbit is tilted more or less to that of the earth. From time to time the moon's orbit is more elongated and one more nearly circular.

All these motions and the many others have been charted by the astronomers. Many of them recur regularly in cycles, by the cycle of the seasons or of day and night, caused by the motions of the earth. The advances and retreats of the moon, its varying position from year to year with respect to the axis of the earth, other changes resulting from still other moon cycles, all affect the gravitational pull of the moon on the

earth's oceans and thus alter the tides or heights of the tides. It is probable, too, that these moon effects also alter the distribution of the ocean water by great currents like the Gulf Stream.

Thus arise, some scientists believe, important effects of the moon on the weather over long periods. The immediate cause of this Summer's remarkable drought in weather conditions was simple to read from the weather maps issued daily by the Weather Bureau in Washington and which permitted weather experts to follow day by day, as the drought advanced, just what was happening and why.

This immediate cause was a persistent blanket of relatively warm, high-pressure air over nearly the whole of the continent. That fact prevented the entry of rain-bringing winds from the sea, for winds always tend to blow outward, not inward, near areas of high pressure. During all the weeks of drought wind movement was chiefly away from the continent, not toward it. No rain could be provided by such outward-blowing winds, for they had no place to get the water that might fall. Rain winds are usually those that come from the sea.

But this immediate explanation that high-pressure air existed over the continent did not go back very far into fundamental causes. Back of this, all weather experts realized at once, was some other factor that was allowing the high-pressure air to exist. This factor was perceived in a northward shift of what is called the North American storm track. Ordinarily, even in winter, most rainfall-producing storms do not persist long over this continent, because they are driven away and broken up by vast whirling storms of cyclonic type which are brewed in the North Pacific or in the Indian Sea, and move eastward across the United States to be lost in the Atlantic or to arriving there in rare instances, at the European coast.

This Summer, however, the usual cyclonic storm tracks above described were pushed back another step. The inspection of world weather maps disclosed several hundred miles farther north than usual. Canada was entering the zone of rain. Rain winds were blowing in toward that part of the continent rather than farther south. Even the parts of western Canada which usually have Summer droughts enjoyed this year more than their usual proportion of rain.

So the problem of explaining the drought was pushed back another step. What had caused the northward movement of the usual storm track, so that the parts of western Canada which usually have Summer droughts enjoyed this year more than their usual proportion of rain?

So the problem of explaining the drought was pushed back another step. What had caused the northward movement of the usual storm track, so that the parts of western Canada which usually have Summer droughts enjoyed this year more than their usual proportion of rain?



The Lower Photograph Shows a Corn Field Blasted by the Drought in the Middle West. Above It is a Photograph of Corn in the Same Locality, Taken at the Same Time of Year, During a Period of Normal Rainfall.

admits frankly that it does not know. Yet somehow the great, world-wide circulation of winds must be responsible for all other manifestations of weather effects.

The gigantic engine that keeps the whole of the weather moving on earth, providing power for the lifting of water that is to fall as rain, for the enormous force and ceaseless activity of the winds, for the terrific energy of storms and for all other manifestations of atmospheric movement, is the heat of the sun. This heat falls on lands and oceans and warms them. The air just next to land or water is warmed and rises. Colder air from above descends to take its place. While the sunspot maximum of heat, in the latest sunspot cycle, was passed about three years ago, the stored-up heat in the earth's ocean waters, some experts assert, still has an effect on our present weather.

One fact upon which most weather experts now agree, however, is the importance of the circulation of the water in the oceans. The best known of all ocean currents is the Gulf Stream, flowing like a great river on top of the ocean from the Gulf of Mexico northward to the coast of Europe. This is a warm current and the heat which it carries each Winter toward the European shore is believed to be all that keeps the climate of England livable in Winter instead of resembling the Arctic climate of Labrador. Elsewhere in the world's oceans are many

other currents, some as large as the Gulf Stream or larger and most of them, it is believed, with important effects on the weather.

This is where the moon gets into the case, for these streams and all other drifts of the water of the oceans are affected, quite naturally and inevitably, by the pull of the moon which created the tides. In the present year, for example, Mr. Herbert Janvin Brown, of Washington, D. C., computes that the position of the moon in its cyclic wanderings nearer and farther from the earth happens to be such that its pull on the eastern portion of the North Atlantic Ocean is exaggerated.

Normally there is a broad area of cold water in the neighborhood of the Azores Islands, this cold water being due, it is believed, to a deep-sea northward current from the ice cap of the South Pole, which current comes to the surface of the ocean thereabouts. The moon's influence this year has been such, Mr. Brown believes, as to spread this cold water area westward toward the United States, with substantial disturbances to the winds hereabouts and to the general circulation of the atmosphere.

The change, plus recent changes in the amount of energy received from the sun as this has varied during different parts of the present sunspot cycle, is believed to have caused the northward shift of the storm track

The Condition of the Sun is as Important as the Position of the Moon, Meteorologists Believe, in Causing Abnormal Weather Conditions Like the Recent Drought. This Photo Shows the Sun's Surface Taken by Special Light to Reveal the Convulsive Boiling and Steaming of Its White-Hot Gases. Near the Center Are Sunspots Which Accompany Greater Radiation of Heat from the Luminary. While the Sunspot Maximum of Heat Was Passed About Three Years Ago, Heat Stored in the Ocean Water During the Past Four Years Is Thought to Have Had Much to Do With the Recent Abnormal Weather.

across the United States and thus, in turn, the drought. Perhaps the best thing about this chain of causes and events is that if it proves true it may be used to predict years of drought and other unusual weather conditions, since the motions of the moon and the variations of the sun which are supposed to combine to cause the weather disturbances all are cyclic, recurring from time to time like the recurring seasons.

There were not lacking in recent months, it is true, indications that this Summer was likely to be abnormal, probably hot and dry. Last Winter was cold and stormy everywhere. Stormy conditions persisted into the Spring. The Gulf Stream was found last year to be less well marked and powerful than usual. Several trans-Atlantic ship captains even reported the whole stream missing. All these things were indications of something out of the ordinary. Yet few scientific men were willing to commit themselves in advance about just what these signs and portents meant for Summer rain or drought, coolness or heat.

That will be the advantage, if they can be worked out of the predictions from the cycles of the moon and of other heavenly bodies. Years ago the Vienna weather expert, Dr. Edward Bruckner, detected in European weather records what he believed to be a cycle of about thirty-five years' hot years and cold ones, dry ones and wet ones, he believed, after about that time.

The motions of the moon, as worked out by astronomers, show two clear and exact cycles. One is due to the slow change of the direction in which the moon's orbit is inclined to that of the earth, controlling, among other things, the distance which the moon goes north or south of the earth's equator during the year. This cycle is 18.6 years. Individual cycles may be shorter or longer, but it is to be much the average because of the many slight alterations to which the moon's motion is subjected as a result of the attraction of the planets and for other reasons.

This cycle Mr. Brown believes to be of great importance in the oceanic movements that affect weather. This year, for example, the moon's position in this cycle of approximately 18.6 years is such as to increase its tidal attraction in the North Atlantic and thus to cause the shift of cold water already described. Approximately nineteen years ahead, in 1948, this condition will repeat itself, and perhaps the shift of cold water, the changed storm track and the drought will reappear.

Experts believe, however, that other factors are effective also and must be taken into account, notably the cycle of sunspots and intensity of sunlight, a cycle which is approximately 11.5 years long. Five of these sunspot cycles and three of the moon's 18.6-year cycles come close to coinciding, it is pointed out, at intervals of about 56 years. Fifty-six years back from 1874, and it is significant that 1874 also was a year of drought. Another 56 years back was 1818, when American agriculture probably was not sufficiently developed to make drought a very severe catastrophe, but when a drought seems to have occurred and to have been marked by a lowering of the level of the Great Lakes. So droughts do seem to occur in North America at about the intervals indicated by the coincidence of these two astronomical cycles.

The moon possesses, however, still another cyclic motion, that of the rotation of the long axis of its elliptical orbit, and which controls the moon's relative to the sun at the point of closest approach to the earth, which point astronomers call the perigee, and the opposite point of greatest distance, called the apogee. Still other possible cycles are supplied by the planets and the sun. Further investigation confirms the idea that the present drought is a repetition of events in 1874 and 1818, is due to the coincidence between a certain condition of the moon's attraction on the tides and another specific condition of the sun in its sunspot cycle, there is to be much more of these cycles of the heavenly bodies as compared with weather, in the hope that droughts and other weather disturbances in the future may be predicted and made less disastrous.

Searching the World To Find Its Toughest Whiskers



The Type of Razor Used 500 B. C.—An Etruscan Bronze Blade That Must Have Made the Barber's Patron Squirm.



An African's Beard. If He Has One, Is Soft and Easily Cut, but as a Rule the Hairs Are Pulled Out by the Roots During Adolescence. The Barber in Dutch East Africa Is Seen Giving His Client a Haircut With a Butcher Knife.



In New Guinea a Razor Is a Modern Luxury. The Barber Pulls Out His Customer's Beard Hair by Hair With an Instrument Made of the Hair of a Cow's Tail. The Fibre Is Looped Around Each Hair and the Barber Then Yanks It Out.



An Ancient Egyptian Razor Found at Luxor by the Earl of Carnarvon.

THE recent census of the United States revealed many curious occupations such as professional collectors of walrus mustaches, artisans who make dolls out of potatoes, men who make a business of removing cinders from the eyes, and other queer methods of making money. But none of these professions can equal the job of Mr. E. V. Higgins, of Boston, Mass. Mr. Higgins hunts whiskers.

His life work is touring the world in search of men with tough beards. He travels to every corner of the earth, from the Arctic to the African jungles, on the lookout for hairy faces. The more he finds the happier he is, and once he finds them, his mission is to shave off those tough whiskers, and then write all about the experience in his diary. And the diary shows, by the way, that the whiskers of the world are being moved down steadily, because of the post-war tendency all over the world to imitate America.

Mr. Higgins gets paid for this entertaining work. The pay comes from manufacturers of razor blades, who utilize his data for improving their products, and supplying the countries he visits with razors and blades, once he has shown the natives how easy it is to shed their uncomfortable hair. In his journeys up and down the globe Mr. Higgins has found some curious shaving habits. Diamond workers in the fields of Kimberly shave with safety razors from the United States. Young dandies of Java habitually use them, but in some of the remote sections of interior Africa a much cruder method is employed.

"I found one tribe," said Higgins, "that seemed entirely clean-shaven, but I discovered on investigation that their beards had been pulled out by the roots, a hair at a time. The barber sits astride his customer. His 'razor' is a strand of hair from the tail of a cow. It is tied together at the ends and is twisted in the fingers across the face of the victim. One hair is caught in the mesh of the strand, which, as it revolves, draws that hair out by the root."

All sorts of implements are used for shaving in the interior sections of India. Even sharpened stones are employed. Among the Hindus a considerable number of men earn their living as barbers, because the entire head is shaved. The face is also shaved, but the mustache is left intact. A long knife, crudely honed on stone, is customarily used for the operation. "American motion pictures have been partially responsible for an era which may properly be termed the conquest of the beard," said Mr. Higgins. Since the war many people in remote sections have learned about the United States. They have wildly exaggerated ideas about our wealth. They think we are a great success, and they want to be like us. The younger generation in

France, Italy Spain and the Latin Americas are almost 100 percent clean shaven. Even in Russia there is a pronounced trend toward smooth faces, especially among the younger men. Apparently, one of the first things people do when they learn more about the world and get a little prosperity is to shave off their whiskers." Chinese, said to be the first users of razors—even before the Egyptians—are accommodated by itinerant barbers. Archaeologists have found that in the Etruscan age razors were made of bronze, often that in ten years the beard will be a thing of the past.

Romance Spoiled Because He Acted Like a Bad Man of the Old Wild West

DR. WALLACE E. BROWN, popular member of Denver's social set, and ranch owner, is said to be lucky at cards, and there is no doubt that he is correspondingly unfortunate in love.

His romance with Mildred Goldborough, heiress, was shattered when he divorced her several weeks after he had become attentive to Mrs. Marion Brown Elliott, a dashing divorcee, at a horse show in January, 1929. His wife charged cruelty and complained he had wed her only to share her inheritance.

She was granted a preliminary decree, but in Colorado, a divorced person cannot marry again for six months, when the divorce becomes final. But both Dr. Brown and Mrs. Elliott who a short time before was divorced from Nixon Elliott, a Denver broker, were so deeply in love that they eloped to Juarez, Mexico. A ceremony was performed there. When they came back, the first Mrs. Brown charged Dr. Brown with bigamy. He was still technically her husband. But just when it looked like he would go to jail, it developed that the Juarez marriage was really a marriage at all, because on the day of the ceremony, later expelled, were holding the city and the American consul had not validated the rites.

When the six months were up, Dr. Brown and Mrs. Elliott were married at Fort Collins, and went to live at Dr. Brown's dude ranch in the foothills some miles away. It looked like a real love match until the other day, when the second wife, also an heiress, filed a divorce petition at Fort Collins, charging exactly what the first wife had charged, and indicating that instead of

being the Chesterfield she had thought him, he had developed the rough manners of a bad man out of the old Wild West. Mrs. Brown's bill starts right off to describe the very day of their second wedding at Fort Collins. The bridegroom appeared, she avers, attired in a ludicrous cowboy costume—high boots, shaggy chaps, a ten-gallon hat

and a gay kerchief knotted over a screamingly pink shirt. After the ceremony, she says, he whisked her to the ranch, which was heavily wooded that evening, tore off some of her clothing. From then on, their life was one grand squall.



Dandy of Uganda, Wearing a Snappy Head-dress of Bullhorns and Grass. It Was Originally Designed for Protection Against the Sun.

When the six months were up, Dr. Brown and Mrs. Elliott were married at Fort Collins, and went to live at Dr. Brown's dude ranch in the foothills some miles away. It looked like a real love match until the other day, when the second wife, also an heiress, filed a divorce petition at Fort Collins, charging exactly what the first wife had charged, and indicating that instead of

being the Chesterfield she had thought him, he had developed the rough manners of a bad man out of the old Wild West. Mrs. Brown's bill starts right off to describe the very day of their second wedding at Fort Collins. The bridegroom appeared, she avers, attired in a ludicrous cowboy costume—high boots, shaggy chaps, a ten-gallon hat

and a gay kerchief knotted over a screamingly pink shirt. After the ceremony, she says, he whisked her to the ranch, which was heavily wooded that evening, tore off some of her clothing. From then on, their life was one grand squall.

annuity unless Dr. Brown's wife divorces him. Dr. Brown is the son of a physician who was once mayor of Northampton, Mass. When Dr. Brown and his second wife were married, no one dreamed that their life would be so hectic. It was their mutual love of horses that



Mlle. Lucette Desmoulins, Who Won the Champs-Élysées in a Recent Swimming Contest to Which Only Paris Actresses Were Eligible.

Parisian Stage Stars Swimming To Retain Slenderness

THE showgirls of Paris, and the stars, too, have started a vogue for swimming this season that is bringing comfortable profits to the proprietors of indoor pools, now that the holiday-makers are returning from the watering resorts. The heavy attendance of feminine performers at the pools is not merely the result of a fad. It was brought about by the fact that a group of producers who served notice on a number of actresses that they must grow thin or get out of the show.

The photograph on the left shows the newest sartorial creation among the huntresses, who adopt it for those occasions when they go woeing the

guarantee firm muscles and slender bodies, they would reap a fine harvest of money. So it was then, that in the gymnasia, the head-dress, made of bullrushes and tall grass, and originally, and in a much less decorative form, designed to protect the traveler from the blistering sun.

The head-dress has lately been designed in exaggerated form for no other reason than to enhance the attractiveness of the dandies on occasions when they go forth to seek a bride.

What Jungle Dandies Are Wearing

EXPLORERS who returned to London recently from Uganda, Africa, brought with them photographs of tribesmen wearing costumes much different from those prescribed by custom, and indicating that the big powerful natives are becoming style conscious.

The photograph on the left shows the newest sartorial creation among the huntresses, who adopt it for those occasions when they go woeing the

the instructors and trainers decided that swimming offered the best all around exercise, that it built muscles and took off excess weight. Swimming became highly popular, and the theatrical producers, quick to note the improvement in the physical condition of the showgirls and the principals, took steps to encourage the vogue, and arranged a series of contests.

The contests proved the turning point in the career of Mlle. Lucette Desmoulins, a pretty, slender dancer, who had been raised at Deauville. She easily carried away all the honors, and emerged as the champion swimmer of Paris.

Courts Vamp the Czar But Not the French Taxi Driver

Mlle. Primrose's Ravishing Charms Coaxed the Priceless Blue Diamond from Nicholas, But They Were Totally Lost on the Heartless Chauffeur, Who Sent Her to Jail for a Mere \$8 Bill



PARIS, August 20.
THE pretty little actress and dancer known as "the Primrose," who won the Czar's historic Blue Diamond, has been jailed for failing to pay a taxi bill. The ravishing beauty, who "vamped" the Czar of Russia out of a priceless, historic diamond, couldn't "vamp" a hard-boiled French taxi driver out of an \$8 charge.

Never, in all the impressive history of royal favorites, has there been such a complete fall from intoxicating wealth to utter, black, destitution.

The pretty Primrose, whose real name is Marie Amelie Thuillier, recently returned to Nice from a visit to the Czar at Cannes, where she had gambled away her last borrowed sou. She tried to pay her 200-franc taxi bill—about \$8—with a winning smile, but lost. To a girl who had ridden in the Czar's gilt coaches and troika and must have seemed a trifling extravagance to order a taxi.

But there were serious complaints against her. Pretty Primrose had been passing checks to the amount of 100,000 francs. She was arrested for ordering taxis and passing checks when she had no funds in the bank. The super white hands no longer kissed by the emperor were placed in handcuffs, and poor Primrose was conveyed to the Nouvelles Prisons de Nice. There this luxury-loving girl was forced to live on this soup and hard bread and to sleep on a hardy mattress. She was not allowed a private cell, but was locked up in a large room with drunken old lugs, shop-lifters and pavement nymphs.

Primrose's trial excited great interest in Nice, the metropolis of the gay Riviera. Her lawyer was the brilliant "Tribouchet," a descendant of the great Victor Hugo. Just as Hugo in his drama, "Marion de Lorme," defended a beautiful and fawn courtesan, so his descendant came to the rescue of the unfortunate Mlle. Thuillier. He made such an eloquent plea before Judge Eysaquer that the court reduced the fine of the charming sinner from 50,000 to 500 francs and sentenced her to three months instead of three years in prison.

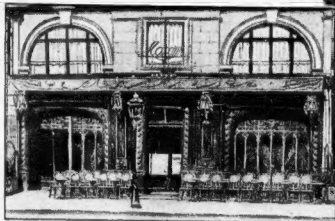
The dancer received her name Primrose because her friends said that she exhaled the peculiarly delicate and elusive fragrance of the exquisite flower of springtime. This charming peculiarity, it is said, first captured the Czar's heart. The name also fitted in with her exquisite blonde hair.

It was during a professional visit to St. Petersburg that the Primrose, quite by accident, happened to attract the Czar's attention—a great piece of good luck, most of her friends thought. That was in 1915 when the reckless and extravagant life of the Russian Grand Duke and aristocracy was in full swing.

The gay Grand Duke, even laughed at the Czar for his virtue or was shamed at his neglect of the traditional amusement of the monarchy. All of them would certainly have been delighted to lead the august head of their family into their own way of life. It occurred to one of them that the opportunity had come with the arrival

"My great, big, generous Nicky, won't you give me that blue diamond?" Mlle. Primrose whispered. "A curse is said to go with it," the Czar told her. "I may be doing myself a favor and you an injury if I give it to you."

"I am willing to take a chance with the curse," Primrose replied. And in Another Minute Her Fingers Closed Over the Great Diamond.



The Front of Maxim's Famous Cafe in Paris, Mlle. Primrose's favorite haunt.

Mlle. Primrose in St. Petersburg.

One of the Grand Dukes planned a magnificent fete at his palace, a fete such as only the imperial society of St. Petersburg knew how to give. He hired a hundred dancers and performers of various kinds, among whom Mlle. Primrose was the star. The Czar, whose melancholy was greater than usual on account of the illness of his son and the absence of the Czarina, was persuaded to attend the fete by his cousin.

After a number of wonderfully executed dances by Russian artists came the performance of Mlle. Primrose, the Parisian. The preceding acts seemed barbarous compared to it. She exhibited the exquisite carrousel of the French court, combined with the corrupt gaiety of Paris.

Everybody was with admiration and enthusiasm for the dancer, and most of them with champagne as well.

The unfortunate Czar forgot all his troubles as he wildly applauded the little dancer with throbbing heart and delicate senses. He summoned her to receive his thanks, according to the polite custom of monarchs with artistic performers who have pleased them. He invited the blushing little dancer to sit by his side while he poured his appreciation of her artistic efforts into her ear.

"Is it true that you have the fragrance of the primrose?" was one of the first questions the Czar asked of the little dancer.

"Your Majesty can ascertain that for yourself," was the challenging answer. The little Parisian knew, of course, what was expected of a dancer who had pleased the Czar. She was soon installed by court officials in a dainty

Mlle. "Primrose," who received the name because, it is said, she exhaled the peculiarly delicate and elusive fragrance of the exquisite flower of the springtime.



At a Charity Fete in the Czar's Palace in St. Petersburg. Mlle. Primrose is the Beauty at the Extreme Left.

little secret apartment concealed within the walls of the vast Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. It was necessary to exercise great secrecy and precaution to keep the affair from the knowledge of the Czarina, for whom the Czar continued to have great respect and affection—that is, from an imperial Russian point of view.

The dancer went to occupy her secret apartment whenever the Czar wished her to be there. Court officials and his Majesty's wishes to her and conveyed her back to the palace. At other times she was free to pursue her art and enjoy the amusements of St. Petersburg. Everybody considered Mlle. Primrose about the luckiest little dancer in the world. Like all prudent Frenchwomen, she was looking forward to the day when she could retire from her dazzling but dangerous position and live in a nice little villa near Paris.

One of her friends suggested that she ought to secure some solid mark of the Czar's affection while the tide was running her way, and she agreed with the hint. She noticed that among the almost countless jewels in the Czar's possession was one known as the Imperial Blue Diamond of Capion. It weighed forty-three carats and its value was almost incalculable. It would make the little dancer one of the richest actresses in the world and possessor of the greatest jewel owned by any of the profession.

The jewel was worn by Queen Marie Antoinette and at the French Revolution was bought by the then Czar of Russia. One evening when Czar Nicholas was in a very generous mood he asked Primrose what she would like for a birthday present—the little dancer, by the way, has told all these details to a friend since fortune has deserted her.

"My great big, generous Nicky," she



In Nice, Recently, Primrose Tried to Pay Her \$8 Taxi Bill With the Same Winning Smile That Had Won the Blue Diamond From the Czar, but This Time She Lost. In Some Superb White Hands So Often Kissed by an Emperor Were Placed in Handcuffs and Poor Primrose Was Carried Off to Jail.

Caricature by "Sem," the celebrated French artist, of Gerard, the "Chauffeur" at Maxim's, Life in Paris, Who Was Regarded as Her Master by Mlle. Primrose and Received Enormous Tips from Her.

said, twining her arms around his neck, "won't you give me that blue diamond? It will just match that beautiful blue dress you gave me."

The Czar may have thought it poor policy to give away an imperial treasure, but he thought more of her than anything else, and was ready to give her what she wanted.

But he remembered the curse that was always supposed to follow the diamond, a curse in which he believed himself, as in many other superstitions.

"A curse is said to go with it," he said to her, "I may be doing myself a favor and you an injury if I give it to you."

"I am willing to take a chance with the curse," she answered promptly. "If I please you, I shall not be afraid of anything."

In another minute her little fingers had closed over the great diamond. For two years she was to wear it with pride but not without trembling, for such a gem necessarily put a girl of her position in great danger from thieves.

The hectic months flew by, during which the Czar was hurried along to the great tragedy of the war and the complete ruin of himself and his family.

provided herself from time to time with plenty of other property, while the Russian Empire and the Czar's affection were both strong. French girls are brought up to be thrifty, and she had had considerable experience. She had drafts on Paris, bank bills of various countries, bank accounts in Paris, antiques and many beautiful pieces of jewelry. The Blue Diamond she meant to keep for some great emergency.

Unfortunately, gambling, instead of love, became her ruling passion. She grew to be a familiar figure at the Casino de Monte Carlo and the gambling resorts of France. At first the press agents of these resorts told stories of her tremendous winnings—they have to tell stories like that. They alleged her average winnings at Monte Carlo were 3,000,000 francs a week for months. She claimed 4,000,000 francs in one night. She tipped the croupier 25,000 francs.

In these prosperous days she haunted Maxim's and other Parisian resorts of fortune hunters. At Maxim's she regarded Gerard, the diminutive but veteran "chasseur," as her mascot and whenever she won at the casinos she bestowed enormous tips on him. She helped make him so famous that celebrated artists, like "Sem," delighted to caricature him.

Whatever Primrose may have won, it became clear two years ago that she was losing. She sold all her belongings—her villas at Paris and Cannes, her necklace of rose diamonds and other treasures. Even when she was practically "broke" she occupied a suite of rooms in the finest hotel in Cannes costing 2,000 francs a day and tipped bellhops 500 francs when they brought her bouquets from her old admirers.

When reduced to poverty she found herself shadowed by Bohemian agents who were after the Blue Diamond. She decided to pawn her diamond at the Mont de Pieté—the Mountain of Pity—which the French government maintains in every city to save people from the extortions of pawnbrokers. This institution lent her 200,000 francs.

Then, with her 200,000 francs, she made the short trip to Monte Carlo. Ten times the player 20,000 francs on the red. Ten times the wheel whirled and the ball rolled into a black compartment. Her 200,000 francs was gone.

Again she was penniless. Accepting any terms imposed, she raised all she could on her equity on the diamond in pledge at Nice. The usurers were driving her to a point where she would be no good to poor little Primrose in the Blue Diamond to them.

At last one of them—Joseph Pallard—loaned her 2,000 francs, necessary to pay off all the other creditors and dismissed the wheel for her rights in the Blue Diamond to them.

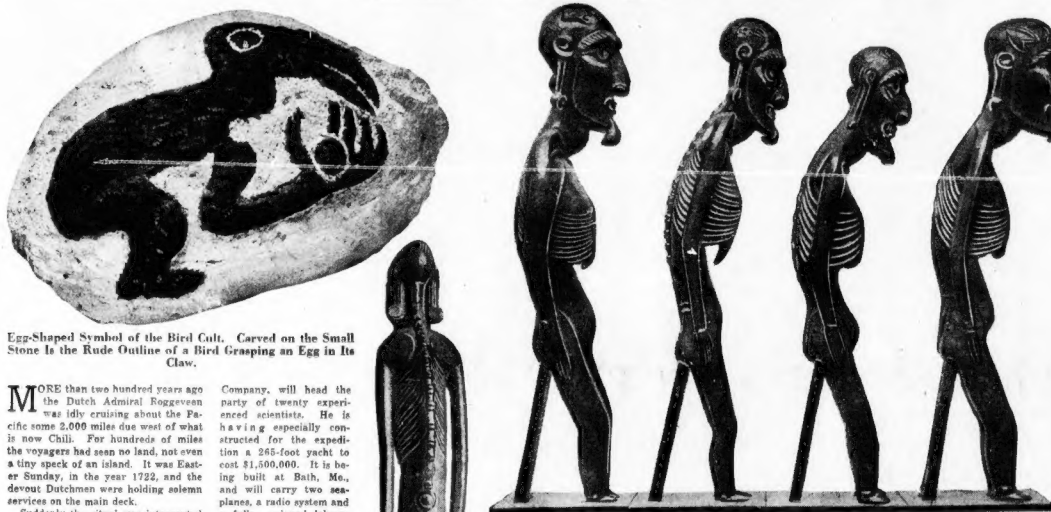
The French government then stepped in and indicted M. Pallard for illicit pawning and other offenses. In the meantime the diamond is doing no good to poor little Primrose, who was its unquestioned owner for years, and could then have disposed of it as she saw fit. Her arrest for not paying a taxi bill is the final misfortune which the fatal gem has brought her.

Trying Once More to Solve the Mystery of Easter Island

Wealthy Mr. Johnson Is Taking Twenty Scientists to the Southern Pacific to Unravel the Riddle of the 30-Foot Stone Figures With Their High, Red Hats, the Curious Birdmen and the Many Other Unexplained Wonders of the Volcanic Isle



The Ruins of an "Ahu," or Burial Ground, 250 Feet Long and Facing the Sea. The Stone Figures, Some 30 Feet High, Which Formerly Stood with Their Backs to the Ocean, Have All Topped Over.



Egg-Shaped Symbol of the Bird Cult. Carved on the Small Stone Is the Rude Outline of a Bird Grasping an Egg in Its Claw.

MORE than two hundred years ago the Dutch Admiral Roggeveen was idly cruising about the Pacific some 2,000 miles due west of what is now Chili. For hundreds of miles the voyagers had seen no land, not even a tiny speck of an island. It was Easter Sunday, in the year 1722, and the devout Dutchmen were holding solemn services on the main deck.

Suddenly the ritual was interrupted by a cry from the lookout. "Land ho!" The Easter services were instantly abandoned and all hands rushed to the bow of the ship. In the distance was an island, an extinct volcano, rising 1,700 feet above the sea and sloping to the beaches.

Roggeveen headed his ship for the island and eventually landed. Thus was Easter Island discovered. Previous mariners had observed and recorded the presence of the little island, but none had bothered to stop and investigate it. Roggeveen did. And when he landed he discovered a number of mysteries that have persisted to this day, despite the efforts of numerous subsequent explorers to clear them up.

What race and what people carved out and erected the immense stone statues on Easter Island? Who carved the curious birdmen, lizardmen and fishmen wooden images found in profusion on that bleak volcanic shore? When Roggeveen and his men landed they were astonished to see hundreds of great stone figures, some thirty feet tall, erected on immense stone platforms next to the sea, lining the roads that led to the interior and dotting the hillsides. They did not look inside the mouth of the crater, or they would have seen other wonders.

The Dutchmen were particularly struck by the fact that each carved human figure wore a red hat. Investigation disclosed that these hats were not part of the original statues, but had been added after the original figures were carved. The hats closely resembled the present day topknot, minus the brim. The puzzled voyagers from Europe at first thought they were being "high-tailed" on the little island, and were suspicious of the natives, who at that time numbered about 1,500. But the natives proved very friendly. Their friendliness is shown by the eighteenth century engravings of Admiral Anson and his men on Easter Island.

The visitors are shown talking about the foot of the strange statues, engaged in light conversation with the native women, who are posing in their traditional costumes. Due to the climate, the ladies wear no clothing above the waistline, and the waistlines were worn very low that year. Possibly this may account for the fact that the original discoverers of Easter Island and its remarkable statues and wooden figures were able to bring back no detailed descriptions of either.

Now, however, an elaborate scientific expedition is being fitted out in Philadelphia to finally solve the riddle of Easter Island. Under the leadership of Professor H. H. Johnston, of Moorestown, N. J., former president of the Victor Talking Machine

Company, will head the party of twenty experienced scientists. He is having especially constructed for the expedition a 365-foot yacht to cost \$1,500,000. It is being built at Bath, Me., and will carry two sea-planes, a radio system and a fully equipped laboratory.

Among the major mysteries the Johnson party will try to clear up are:

What people first inhabited the island? What era witnessed the carving and erection of its great stone monuments, circular towers and burial platforms?

By what feats of engineering were huge blocks of stone moved from one part of the island to another?

How could the tiny island have supported the army of men believed necessary in the construction work?

How highly developed was the prehistoric people?

Easter Island today is only thirteen miles long by seven wide. It supports barely 250 natives. Once a year it is visited by a ship, which takes off the wool crop gathered from the sheep raised by a Chilean company—the island's only industry.

For two centuries scientists have speculated in vain on the island's early history. Was it once part of a now submerged Pacific continent? Was it once the headquarters island of a now lost Pacific archipelago? Did its monumental carvings people come from America or from Asia?

All these questions and many more Mr. Johnson hopes to answer with the aid of the scientists he will take to the island. The last previous scientific study of Easter Island was made in 1914-15 by Mr. and Mrs. Sorensby Routledge, of England. Starting in March, 1914, they spent sixteen months on the island. The world's widely interrupted their researches, as the German raiders in the Pacific used Easter Island as a rendezvous. While the Germans did not bother the scientists, the excitement of the enemy cruisers' comings and goings was not conducive to scientific research. While the Routledges did not succeed in unravelling any of the mysteries of the monuments or the people who made them, they did make the most complete study and exhaustive report that have yet been accomplished. On her return from the island in 1915 Mrs. Routledge wrote:

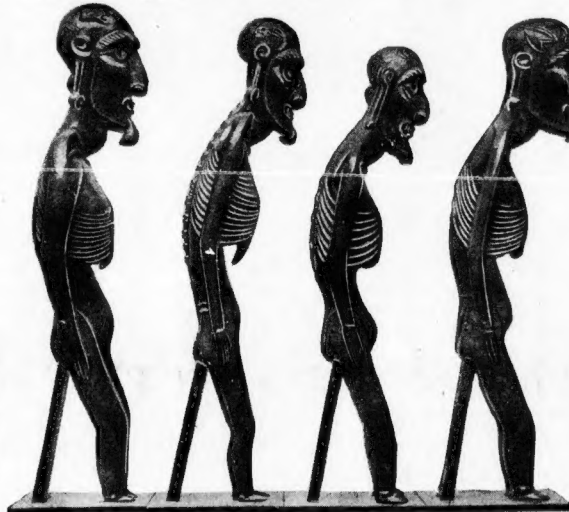
"All around the coast now lie pro-

strate the statues that once adorned it, varying from six feet to thirty feet in height; some are broken, some are still intact, and near them are their great hats, of which some have been smashed in their fall, while others lie at a little distance, where they have rolled in their descent. In the whole coast only the broken-off base of one image is still in situ. The figures were originally placed on massive platforms of masonry known as 'ahu'.

"These platforms may be as much as 300 feet in length, on the side toward the sea the face of the masonry is sheer, like a great wall, at the highest about fifteen feet; in some cases this wall is formed of great unheaved slabs as high again perhaps as any man in others it is built of carefully wrought and fitted stone. On the summit is a platform on which once stood the images; on the abut at Tongariki there were as many as fifteen.

"Toward the land the ahu slopes downwards gradually or in terraces; on this slope were exposed the corpses of the dead, while in it are vaults in which the bones were subsequently placed.

Back View of One of the Wooden Figurines, Showing Faithful Portrayal of Ribs and Backbone.



Wooden Figurines of Strangely Emaciated, Roman-Nosed Former Inhabitants. While the Distended Ears Are Typical of Easter Island Art, the Goateers Are a Distinct Novelty.



Some of the 600 Gigantic Stone Images on Easter Island. The Figures Extend to the Hills, but Have Through the Centuries Slunk Into the Hillsides. In the Lower Right Corner Is One of the Red Hats Which Has Fallen From the Head Beside It. The Relative Size of the Statues Is Shown by the Horse and Man in the Left Center.

The great statues have stood, therefore, watching over the departed. Behind them rolled the waves of the ocean, sometimes so near at hand that their spray broke over the figures, sometimes surging at the foot of a cliff hundreds of feet high.

There are, altogether, between 500 and 600 statues. A few are still erect, most of them have toppled over or sunk into the ground, a few are still recumbent and attached to the living stone from which they were being quarried. This is another mystery of Easter Island: Why did the workmen suddenly abandon forever their colossal task? Their tools are found around the partly cut images, just as they were dropped hundreds of years ago. Was it earthquakes, tidal waves, enemy invasion, internal warfare—or what was it that caused the quarymen to drop their implements and never return?

The natives found by the Dutch Admiral Roggeveen on that Easter morn two hundred years ago still worshipped the stone images, but could tell nothing about their origin. At least they didn't. And since, with each generation, the natives profit less knowledge of the

people who carved, transported and erected the old monuments. While the Dutch Admiral and his men never saw the interior of the volcanic crater dominating the island, the Routledges thoroughly explored the inner lips of Rano Raraku, as the extinct volcanic mound is called. Writing of the old crater, Mrs. Routledge says:

"The side toward the sea is a deep cliff, the remainder is a basin with rounded sides, and in the interior of the crater is a small lake. So far the voyager has seen nothing but a prostrate image, but here on the outer slope of the mountain stand scores of the figures still erect, just as they were originally inserted in the ground, though not infrequently the earth has descended, burying them deeper, until in some cases only the tip of the nose is visible. They are strangely weird, these statues, as they pass along the coast in their immovable calm, weird of all in the gloaming, when sky behind them is fired with gold and red by the sunset, they stand out black masses against the gleaming background."

The figures are all cut off at the hips. The hands meet in front and the

sare represent a common fashion among native races, where the lobe is gradually distended until it forms a rope. The top of the head is flat, the eyes sunken, and the nose decidedly retreating.

The hands, front and back of the images are carved with strange designs and symbols, which have never been deciphered. Some of these are hieroglyphic writings, probably added by a later race of natives. These have never been definitely deciphered.

No less curious than the huge stone images are the small wooden figurines found on the island. They are elaborately carved from mimosa wood, a common tropical shrub. The figures range from plain figures of men and women to the most curious human bodies with heads of fishes, lizards and birds. Some of the little images are natural, others show bodies terribly emaciated and distorted. The ears, like those of the stone carvings, are generally distended. But where the wooden figures were carved by a succeeding wave of immigration after the stone monument builders had mysteriously vanished.

While the wooden images of lizardmen and fishmen are explained only as the eccentricities of native sculptors, the birdmen represent a definite idea. Until within the coming of the Christian missionaries the natives belonged to an extraordinary bird cult. The great event of the year was the coming of a migratory sea bird, a tern, called "manu tara." It arrived in September, the southern Spring, and nested in large numbers on an outlying rocky islet. It was the main object of the inhabitants to obtain the first egg laid, and the man who did so was called the "birdman" and became the great person of the year. In fact, the year was named after him, in somewhat the same fashion as baseball fans would refer to "the year that Brooklyn won the World Series."

The wooden images are, therefore, symbolic of the birdman, and probably each represents a victorious competitor. Other relics of the bird cult are found in small egg-shaped stones on which are carved a rude figure of a bird holding an egg in one claw.

Curious Wooden Statuette of a Birdman, Symbolical of the Ancient Bird Cult of Easter Island.

are represent a common fashion among native races, where the lobe is gradually distended until it forms a rope. The top of the head is flat, the eyes sunken, and the nose decidedly retreating.

The hands, front and back of the images are carved with strange designs and symbols, which have never been deciphered. Some of these are hieroglyphic writings, probably added by a later race of natives. These have never been definitely deciphered.

No less curious than the huge stone images are the small wooden figurines found on the island. They are elaborately carved from mimosa wood, a common tropical shrub. The figures range from plain figures of men and women to the most curious human bodies with heads of fishes, lizards and birds. Some of the little images are natural, others show bodies terribly emaciated and distorted. The ears, like those of the stone carvings, are generally distended. But where the wooden figures were carved by a succeeding wave of immigration after the stone monument builders had mysteriously vanished.

While the wooden images of lizardmen and fishmen are explained only as the eccentricities of native sculptors, the birdmen represent a definite idea. Until within the coming of the Christian missionaries the natives belonged to an extraordinary bird cult. The great event of the year was the coming of a migratory sea bird, a tern, called "manu tara." It arrived in September, the southern Spring, and nested in large numbers on an outlying rocky islet. It was the main object of the inhabitants to obtain the first egg laid, and the man who did so was called the "birdman" and became the great person of the year. In fact, the year was named after him, in somewhat the same fashion as baseball fans would refer to "the year that Brooklyn won the World Series."

The wooden images are, therefore, symbolic of the birdman, and probably each represents a victorious competitor. Other relics of the bird cult are found in small egg-shaped stones on which are carved a rude figure of a bird holding an egg in one claw.

Underous Treachery of Russia's Secret Spies

Sinister Activities of Communist Police Agents in England and France, Which Have Opened the Doors to the Bolsheviks

Felix Dzerjinsky, Lying in State in Moscow. It Was His Abnormal, Depraved Brain Which Conceived the Idea of the "Cheka"—And He Was Finally Murdered Because of the Very Condition He Had Created.

LONDON, August 22. SCOTLAND YARD officials are reading with interest the revelations of activities of the Russian secret agents in America as developed by the Congressional investigation. England is harassed by the same sinister forces. Here the agents of the "Ogpu," the Russian Secret Service, which has taken the place of the old "Cheka," work with brazen boldness because Great Britain made the colossal blunder of opening the doors to these enemies of civilization and orderly government by officially recognizing the Communist republic.

France made the same blunder and is in constant turmoil with these human rattlesnakes which have swarmed in. The United States has never recognized the present government of Russia, and British officials are interested in the proposed plan of a wholesale roundup of Russian spies and agitators and their deportation. If the United States will do this it will set a wholesome example which might be followed in France, and England to rid themselves of the Communist pest and growing menace.

The organization of the Russian spy system and the activities of the secret agents of the Bolshevik police are almost beyond belief. In the present top-heavy Soviet Government nobody trusts anybody. A knife thrust in the chest or a bullet through the brain fired from behind may be the penalty of any Soviet official whose spies are careless in reporting what is going on around him.

Before the Russian revolution, the world had the system of the czar, named the "Okhrana," and nobody wondered much that one of the first acts of the Reds was to murder such members of the organization as failed to flee the country or go into hiding. But the new masters of Russia soon found they could not force their will on the masses without even more drastic methods. Everybody called everybody else "enemies," which the Grand Dukes never would do, but so far as food, clothes and lodging were concerned, both peasant and city laborers found themselves much worse off than before.

The Red leaders saw they could not keep their people in subjection without a system more drastic than anything that Czar and Grand Dukes had ever devised.

They found precisely the right type of man for their sinister purposes in Felix Dzerjinsky, known as the "Cheka," which had its spies everywhere. Before he himself died—almost certainly from poison administered by the Red leaders because they themselves did not know when he might take it into his head to have them executed—Dzerjinsky was credited with the death of 1366,860 men and women during the course of his seven years' rule.

As these figures were given by his admirers and colleagues in the "Cheka," "Comrade" Spitzberger, during his brutal calumny against this monster, there is no reason to doubt their accuracy.

But the system which Dzerjinsky created lived after him. Not only in Russia itself honeycombed with spies, but the emissaries of the organization are in force in every other country of the world, spreading Red propaganda, removing dangerous or suspected per-

sons, whether Russians or not, and endeavoring to undermine the governments.

It is stated, and there is no reason to doubt the statement, that hundreds of persons in Russia have been "removed" on the testimony of a child.

Thousands of children were rendered parentless and homeless by the Red Revolution and now wander about Russia, reduced to the lowest criminality. Many of these are spies of the "Ogpu," and this photograph shows one of these "Little Wolves," as they are called, making his report—which will probably cost the life of the person accused.

spies in the ranks of the thousands of homeless, parentless children left by the Revolution. These little outcasts, called the "Little Wolves" in Russia, wander about the cities and countryside in bands that rob and kill. Their leaders, as it is commonly reported, have bought immunity by swearing allegiance to the Ogpu, and some time ago a photograph was smuggled out of Russia showing one of these little spies at one of the Secret Service headquarters in Moscow delivering his report.

But perhaps the most astonishing example of the lengths to which the Ogpu will go was recently revealed in the case of M. Sokolnikoff, Russian Ambassador to Great Britain. Here the Russian Government had a difficult problem. To maintain any standing at all with other diplomats at the Court of St. James's it must send a very fair type of man, with a good record. But such a man was not likely to be suited to the really important part of his task, namely to conduct either active or by silence, attempts to undermine and overturn the friendly British Government by insidious plots of the Russian agents in the British Empire.

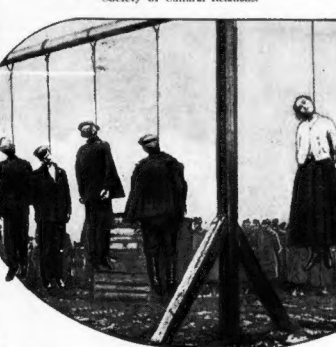
How hard this can be seen by imagining what would happen if the United States wished to play such an underhanded trick on England. Ambassador Dewar or any other American worthy of the post would instantly resign his portfolio at the first hint



Mrs. Olga Kamenewa, Who Organized the Women's Section of Red Russia's Spy System Under the Ionic Title of "Society of Cultural Relations."



Ambassador and Mrs. Sokolnikoff.



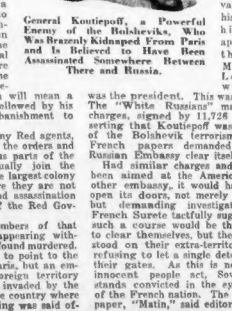
An Execution by the Dreaded "Cheka." Now the "Ogpu," Russia's Merciless and Utterly Unprincipled Secret Service, Which Is Busily Engaged in Spreading the Red Propaganda Throughout the World. Note the Two Women Hanging at the Right.



General Koutieff, a Powerful Enemy of the Bolsheviks. Who Was Recently Kidnapped From Paris and Is Believed to Have Been Assassinated Somewhere Between There and Russia.



Mrs. Sokolnikoff, the Wife of the First Soviet Ambassador to England, Who Is Reported to Have Been Carefully Coached by the "Ogpu," Russia's Conscienceless Secret Service, to Spy Upon Her Husband.



such treachery. In Russia, however, things are somewhat different. There they consider their country to be carrying on a sort of one-sided war with the rest of civilization, because Russia cannot remain indefinitely on the communistic basis unless she can pull the rest of the world down to her own level.

Though no Russian paper dares print the truth, the Russian masses know they are worse off economically than they would be anywhere else in the world. So M. Sokolnikoff was persuaded as a "patriotic duty" to take the not very savory job. But could he be trusted not to flinch—would not his better nature revolt at some of the things he might have to do?

The only way the Russian Government knows to make sure of the faithfulness of its agents is to use its spy system, the Ogpu. In Russia that is easy. Trotsky and Stalin had their spies dogging each other's footsteps and both kept men and women watching others, even the sainted Lenin, but in England this was harder.

The situation called for a super-spy, one whom the Ambassador could not avoid or order out of his office, one who would be at his elbow at all times, who could read his secret thoughts, go through his pockets at night and even listen to what he muttered in his sleep.

Only a wife would fill the bill, so M. Sokolnikoff had, according to a recent article in the London Daily Mail, one of England's greatest newspapermen, been for years under the influence and training of Unschlicht, one of the main heads of the Ogpu.

Before her marriage to M. Sokolnikoff she had been the wife of M. Briakoff, Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. Also, she had held a prominent post in the Bolshevik State Publishing Department preparing pamphlets designed to cause unrest in India and Egypt.

M. Sokolnikoff would make an ideal Ambassador to England—providing his wife could control him, and also would keep the heads of the Secret Service informed of all his actions and thoughts.

for her. Each one of the three things was one which the government knew would be sorely against Sokolnikoff's known desires and better nature to do. If his wife could make him perform these acts, then certainly the Ogpu could rest content as to what would happen after the pair arrived in England.

She succeeded, it is asserted, in making him do the three things, and M. Sokolnikoff became Ambassador to England, according to the Daily Mail's article, which also recites that "before he was permitted to leave Russia, both had to sign a document that either or both of them would return to Moscow immediately they were directed, and would use every influence to comply with any order received."

The spy terror which hangs over the entire Moscow immediately they were directed, and would use every influence to comply with any order received. The spy terror which hangs over the entire Moscow immediately they were directed, and would use every influence to comply with any order received.

The result is that many Red agents, afraid to go home, defy the orders and become exiles in various parts of the world where they usually join the "White Russians," whose largest colony is in Paris. Even there they are not safe from kidnapping and assassination by the sinister hand of the Red Government.

Some time members of that colony have been disappearing without trace or have been found murdered. Evidence often seemed to point to the Russian Embassy in Paris, but an embassy is considered a foreign territory and sacred, not to be invaded by the police authorities of the country where it is located. So nothing was said of-

ficially until a short time ago, when the head of all the "White Russians," Alexander Paul Koutieff, vanished on his way from his Paris apartment to the Russian Military League, of which he was the president. This was too much. The "White Russians" made formal charges, signed by 11,728 names, asserting that Koutieff was the victim of the Bolshevik terrorism, and the French papers demanded that the Russian Embassy clear itself.

Had similar charges and suspicions been aimed at the American or any other embassy, it would have thrown open its doors, not merely permitting, but demanding investigation. The French Surete tacitly suggested that such a course would be the best way to clear themselves, but the Bolsheviks stood on their extra-territorial rights, refusing to let a single detective enter their gates. As this is not the way innocent people act, Soviet Russia stands convicted in the eyes of most of the French nation. The Paris newspaper, "Matin," said editorially:

"Everything leads one to believe that the head of the Russian military emigres was the victim of the political vengeance of the Ogpu. So it has come to pass that the institution of a foreign government, the most terrible of all the institutions that any tyranny ever had at its command, has dared to spread its crimes into our capital, disregarding all the foundations of international law. This is unbearable."

To add to the terror of the Ogpu, a women's section has been formed under the direction of Madame Olga Kamenewa with the ionic title of "Society of Cultural Relations." The idea is that women should be made to use their special gifts in spying for the Bolsheviks. The members of this society are the wives and sweethearts of those under suspicion.

In the Congressional investigation it was brought out that the Ogpu's agitators in the United States start strikes whenever possible, but try to prevent them from being ever settled, no matter what terms the employers offer. The red policy is that if enough people can be kept out of work long enough, it will ruin American industry and the workers will be brought to such starvation that the mobs will follow Red leaders in pillaging the shops and finally to revolution.

They have done this with considerable success in China and India, but, above all others, they would like to wreck the United States, and to do so stands as an embarrassing contrast to Russia's destitution under the Soviet regime.

Fall Negligees and Pajamas

**Authoritative and Newest Fashions
From the Studios of the Most
Distinguished French Dress
Creators, Drawn by Soulie,
Foremost
Fashion
Artist
of Paris**



—On the Left—
The Summer Negligee Has Come Out of the Bedroom and Taken Its Place as an Informal Dinner Gown to Wear at Home, Where It Vies With the Dinner Pajamas in Popularity. Chiffon, Either Plain or Flowered, Is an Ideal Material for It, and Is Most Frequently Employed by the Paris Designers Who Specialize in This Type of Garment. This Model, From Micheline Jean, Is in a New Flowered Chiffon, Gray Ground With Yellow Flowers. The Slip Under the Jacket Is Really Like an Evening Gown, With Two Full Frills Forming the Skirt, the Lower One Trailing Slightly. The Jacket Is Bordered With a Narrow Frill and Is Curved Up Prettily in the Front.



Madame Alexandre Prefers the "Teagown" or "Robe d'Interieur" to the Pajama. For This Model She Has Used Pale Pastel Blue Crepe Satin. The Line Is Long and Slim and the Skirt Has a Sort of Train in the Back. The Cut of the Gown Is Graceful, With Long Ends Tied in Front and Hanging in Heavy Long Lines. The Only Trimming Consists of Flat Rows of the Satin, Two on the Elbow Sleeves and Two in the Back. This Gown May Be Worn as an Informal Dinner Gown and Is Particularly Pretty for Blondes in This Color.

tended for the drawing-room and the bedroom. All four of the models on this page—two pajamas and two negligees—are for evening wear. It is interesting to note that the pajamas look more like skirts than like trousers. It is only in movement that one sees that they are bifurcated. This is doubtless in accordance with the recent "feminization" of the mode as a whole.

One model is from Mary Nowitzky, a Russian, who began some years ago in a very small way, and who has arrived by the cleverness of her ideas at the position of one of the leading exponents of sports clothes, and especially of beach clothes.

The model chosen is intended for the house, even for informal dinner wear by the hostess. It is in two shades of chiffon, pale blue and pale citron yellow. The trousers look like a skirt made up of uneven panels of finely plaited chiffon hung at different heights.

Below—Irene Dana Specializes in Pajamas, Both for Interior and Beach Wear, and in Negligees of Many Sorts. This Pajama Is Designed for a Bride. It Is in Turquoise Blue Chiffon Combined With Pale Pink Chiffon, a Charming and Very French Color Combination. The Trousers, in Pale Pink, Are Veiled by the Double Coat, Like a Jacket, and Trailing Skirt, Open Up the Front of the Turquoise Chiffon. Both Are Bordered With Circular Ruffles, as Is the Wide Sleeve. A Band of Turquoise Chiffon Edges the Pink Slip at the V Neckline.



Mary Nowitzky Is One of the Leading Pajama and Negligee Specialists in Paris. She Has Invented Many of the Most Modern Ideas That Appear in All Types of Pajamas for the House and for the Beach. In Her Mid-season Collection She Included Some Very Important Dinner Pajamas, Which Were Shown With Huge Ostrich-Feather Fans. They Were Often in Odd and Extremely Russian Combinations of Color. This One Is a Dinner Pajama in Yellow Chiffon Combined With Pale Blue. The Chiffon Is Plaited, and the Trousers, Hung in Plaited Panels With Uneven Edges, Look Like a Skirt.

feather fans, in the same shades as those used in the model. The second pajama is from Irene Dana, many of whose beach models I saw worn at Cap d'Antibes last Summer. This also is a house model. It is made of chiffon, in turquoise and pale pink, and looks like a jacket with a trailing skirt open up the front. Jacket and skirt, however, are really in one, a long flowing coat, worn over wide trousers, and trimmed with circular frills at the edges.

The other models are both negligees, but negligees that may appear in the evening for receiving one's guests at home. The one from Micheline Jean is like an informal evening frock with a ruffled jacket. It is made in a pretty flowered chiffon, yellow or gray.

The model from Madame Alexandre is a lovely thing in pale blue crepe satin. The silhouettes is long and slim, and the scarf ends that tie once over in the front give a graceful drooping line. The only trimming consists of flat bows, two on the elbow sleeves and two in the back. The bows are made up on the shiny side of the satin, while the rest of the gown has the dull surface.

A simple blouse is worn tucked into them, and the whole is completed by a little jacket, entirely plaited, with wide three-quarter sleeves. Mary Nowitzky showed some of her dinner pajamas this season, accompanied by large ostrich-

PARIS, August 21.
THE pajama has gone a long way since it was introduced from the East as a strictly utilitarian sleeping-garment. It was in Paris, immediately after the war, that pajamas began to come out of the bedroom and into polite society. At first they were considered rather "ultra." Actresses with a reputation for most individual costuming—the clever Spinnelli, for example—used to receive their guests at tea-time dressed in pajamas of unusual cut and rich materials. Women of society slowly followed suit, using the pajamas to wear at home, even for dinner when there were no guests.

Then came the craze for beach life, and the pajama found its natural Western home on the shores of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. Women loved the informality of trousers and soon found that they were ideal lounging garments, much more comfortable than the short, narrow skirts in vogue at the time. The pajamas also won a sure place for informal evening wear. At present the specialists are showing two distinct types, those for the house and those for the beach, and both are included in the wardrobe of the smart woman.

But the advocates of the "teagown" refused to let this garment sink into oblivion. About two years ago it also put in a claim to be seen outside of the bedroom. It was originally a late Victorian style of dress, adopted by English women as a change from the riding-habit worn all day in hunting circles, and chosen for tea and informal dinner wear because it was loose, comfortable and far easier to get into than the boned bodices, tight sleeves and high collars of that era.

Women have no more the excuse of uncomfortable clothes, but it is true that the present styles call, in many cases, for a more important corset than we have worn lately, and the teagown, or negligee, which may be worn without supporting garments, has a good chance of coming back into its own.

At present specialists are showing two types of pajamas for house and beach wear, and two types of negligees in-

How Viola Tried to Get Away From the Farm

Just Like a Movie Plot Were Those Threatening Letters Demanding \$30,000 From Grandpa, Her "Kidnaping" and Her Brutal Treatment—But When Grandpa Discovered She Had Done

It All Herself
All Viola Got
Was a
Spanking



Viola as She Appeared in the Hospital Bed Recovering From Her Self-Inflicted Injuries, and Very Repentant—and It Does Seem That She Ought to Have Gotten More Than a Spanking for All She Went Through.

How are you going to keep 'em down on the farm After they've seen Paros? —Old War Song.

"READ this when you get a chance, after the service," whispered eighteen-year-old Viola Nelson Holt as she placed an envelope in the hand of a girl friend during the last hymn at the tiny Lutheran church, in a sparsely settled territory of Northwestern Minnesota. When the friend found time to do so, Viola had gone. With startled eyes, she read the following:

"Dear Girl: 'Meet us by the lake at 9 o'clock Sunday night, or before, and hand us \$30,000—or we will kill you. You might have wondered why we have been crazy about you, or love you is better—but we were also scared of the gun you mentioned. Ha! Ha! One thing more. You're pretty itself and we have decided to let you remain so, even if you do disappoint us.' 'Bring the money and we will never hurt you again. My heart's love, 'U. S. 'P. S.—If you do not bring the money, we will kill you and three others—and you know who!'"

The ominous note was penciled in capital letters, initiating type, as would be expected from a criminal who wished to disguise his identity, but with it was the following letter in Viola's flowing school-girl hand:

"Dear Friend: 'I do not know who I will give this to. I hope you have read the other note before you read this, so you will understand. I know all this would happen sometime, but I didn't dream that it would be now. When you find me, dead I suppose, then don't take me home, take me to church again. I don't know why I feel that way but please do so.' 'You wonder how I found the letter. He told me once that he would put some notes under the porch steps if he wanted something. I have looked every morning but this morning I didn't. I was frightened. I was never that before. I found it now just before I left for church.' 'I am sorry I did not tell Grandpa and sorry I told many others. He didn't want to believe it. It has hurt me much.' 'The worst has yet to come. 'VIOLA.'"

The frightened friend showed the note to her brother, who, with three

other men, rushed hot-foot for the lake. Soon they heard cries for help and found the girl lying near the road, her ankles tied with a piece of new clothesline and her own handkerchief, unusually large for a feminine one, around her neck where it had fallen after she had pulled it out of her mouth. Her dress had been torn away from her throat and breast, revealing several bleeding cuts in her skin. Beside her hands lay a piece of rope which had apparently been twisted around her wrists. Though it was evident that not much blood had been lost, she seemed weak and incoherent. They were going to shoot me for coming good-looking," she gasped. "One tall blond and the others short and dark. They were going to shoot me for coming empty-handed, but each seemed to want the other to do the murder and then a car came along and I guess frightened them away. I got my hands free of the rope, and took out the gag and screamed!"

Tenderly the victim of the outrage was carried to the nearest hospital where the doctors assured the sheriff that she was strong enough to be questioned. Viola told him that she had first met the strangers, June 22, on her long walk home from church. They had invited her for a ride, and when she declined, produced a gun and ordered her to get some money they said her grandfather kept and to be ready to turn it over to them according to future instructions.

In vain she had denied ever seeing more than a dollar or two around, for they insisted that there was \$30,000 hidden, and that she must hunt for it and look every morning under the front porch for further instructions. If she failed it meant death. The girl said she told her grandfather, but that the old man had cried scornfully:

"Thirty thousand dollars? Tell those robbers if they think there is that much around the farm to come over and I'll help them hunt for it." Grandpa did not seem to believe her, as she said in her letter, it hurt her much. Therefore, when she encountered them again, with more threats, Viola kept her dreadful secret to herself. The villains became bolder, jumping out at her one night as she was passing her woodshed, but with rare presence of mind she frightened them away by pretending to have a revolver. All this time no letters under the porch until that recent day when she found the one she took to church.

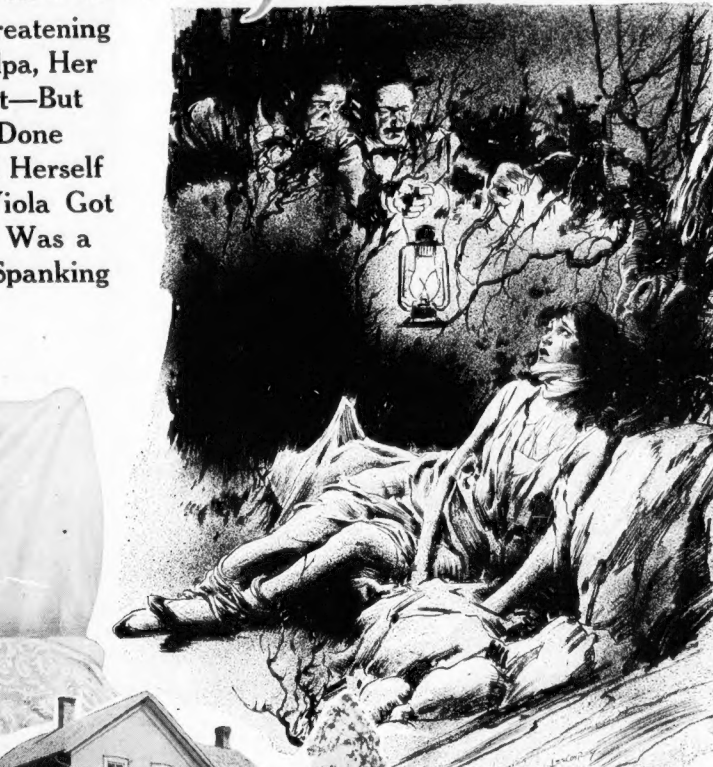
Under repeated questioning the girl's story showed no contradictions,

The Farmhouse in the Northwest From Which Viola Tried to Escape by Such Curious Means.

and it fitted into such few facts as could be connected, but the sheriff and his deputies could find no trace of these desperadoes, handsome but foolish enough to think farmers keep small fortunes on the premises. The entire country became excited, demanding the solution of the mystery. And solved it was as soon as a detective, who knew something about handwriting, got the letter that he dictated. The news that she had confessed to inventing the whole crime, even to slashing herself with a safety razor blade, was broken to a little group in front of her house!

"Well, it's the movies again," said the doctor, who with the minister, the sheriff and reporters, had aided the detective in clearing up the crime mystery of Minnesota's great open spaces. Aged Mr. and Mrs. Arne Holt, who live in the lone dwelling that stands half a mile to the east of the nearest crossroads and Barnville, two pioneer towns of northwestern Minnesota, had never heard of wishful thinking but, if that was what their pretty eighteen-year-old granddaughter had been perpetrating, it was certainly very bad.

However, they hoped that now she had confessed everything, the sheriff would not arrest the maiden, if she would promise to be good and not imagine any more. Young folks were doing so much of all kinds of thinking but they needed Viola around the house and so Mr. Holt muttered something in Norwegian to Mr. Holt who took his pipe out of his mouth and pointing a toll-hardened thumb at the not-very-repentant-looking



Guided by the Cries, Two of the Rescue Party Came Across Viola, Her Feet Bound to a Tree Slipped Away, From Her Mouth and Her Face and Chest Bleeding From Many Cuts—And Everybody Still Wonders at Little Viola's Ingenuity and Determination in Doing All These Things to Herself to Get Away From the Farm.



The Village Church From Which She Stole Away to Stage Her "Abduction."

The Lonely Spot Where Viola Tied Her Feet, Cut Her Face, Gagged Herself and Then Laid a Twist of Rope Around Her Wrists.

ling a pair of handcuffs and looking as stern as possible meanwhile. But the girl did not wait for his decision. She came forward, holding out her wrists. "All right, Mr. Sheriff," she said hopefully, "I'll go to town with you. I am not going to resist, but I'd like to have you put those things on me."

The sheriff, however, slipped the bracelets into his pocket. "No," he said, "I think this offense is more in your jurisdiction, Parson." and he turned to the minister of the tiny Lutheran church that stands half a mile to the east of the nearest crossroads. The minister remarked:

"She hasn't explained her motive yet. Why did you do it?" "Because I wanted an education," Viola replied.

"I know what she wants," spoke up Viola's thirteen-year-old brother, Morris Nelson Holt, who had been working industriously on a lollipop. "She wants to get away from here. It's too dull and too dumb around here—and so do I."

asked the sheriff what he was going to do to her.

The sheriff paused, as if pondering that question, before he replied, dangled, and looking as

for all time, in his mind, by leading Viola to the woodshed and administering an old-fashioned spanking.

Later the whole story came out, showing to what lengths a bright, modern flapper can go in her struggles to get into congenial environment. Since the death of their father and mother, Viola and Morris had lived with their grandparents at the old post, now long since converted into a farm.

The cattle are stabled in a queer looking barn that was originally the old trader's store. It has the old-fashioned high, false front, with windows in the upper story, which the builder hoped to justify some day, when the building behind would grow another story.

There is no radio, no phonograph, no automobile on the place, only a horse and buggy. As it is a long way to the nearest town, the old folks almost never go. Their neighbors make it a habit to stop their cars at the Holt's place and ask if they want any shopping done for them in town. The children do not thank them for this kindness because they would like to go to see things and, if possible, buy things, but they can't go even for a hair cut.

When this operation is necessary, the resourceful Mrs. Holt chops a bow over the child's head and, with her shears, quickly snips around the edges.

The only newspaper that comes to the farm is printed in Norwegian and the children suspect it would not interest them even if they could translate it. However, life on the farm was not unbearable to Viola until she finished

the eighth grade in the little one-room school house, a mile down the road. But when that was done the Holts thought it was enough. There was no high school within buggy distance and right then the trouble began. Once they almost had a radio and it was not the cost that stood in the way. An enterprising salesman installed one on trial, but just as he tuned in on the first station a most unfortunate thing happened. Someone was trying out a new song and the refrain in every verse was:

"It was all very grand for the grand old man but pretty darn hard on the boy." Morris unwisely chuckled, and the radio man made no sale.

Except for Sunday service and the weekly church rehearsal, Viola considered life a total loss. She knew she was pretty, because she had overheard her grandparents mentioning it casually when they thought she was not within ear-shot, and her teacher had said she was bright. Bright, pretty girls can marry nice, rich men provided the girls can get where the nice, rich men can admire them, but for Viola this was like getting to the moon. She knew they did, because she had read it in books at school, and had seen, of course, some pictures in the movies.

It was Mrs. Holt herself who put the plot in Viola's mind one Gray when three strangers in a big car gave the girl a lift home from church. She was thrilled, but Mr. Holt said:

"They might have been kidnappers and taken you right to the wicked city of Chicago and we would never have seen our little girl again. Think of that!" Her little girl thought of nothing else for weeks. Kidnapers! Murderers! Some believe that if one thinks of anything long and hard enough, the thought will materialize in solid shape. It began to look that way in Viola's case, and she began to think of the dematerialized her villains three. She had hoped they would scare the old people into sending her to town where there is education and incidentally clothes and, more important, somebody who would love, honor and obey her. Viola knew WHY girls

Yet it does seem too bad that all that ingenuity and determination got her only a spanking.

With the Famous Canadian Mounted Police

Experiences in the Bleak Wilderness of the North, Where the Grim, Fearless Body



The Powerful Husky Sledge Dog, Invaluable in the North in the Winter Time, But Treacherous and Ready to Turn Upon His Master and Eat Him.

By Sergeant George Roberts,
Of the Royal Canadian Police

CHAPTER II.
(Continued from Last Sunday)

THE great wide-open spaces of the North are beautiful and romantic, in Winter as well as Summer. Also men are men out there, because they have to be. For instance, suppose you had appendicitis or even an aching tooth, several hundred miles from the nearest medical assistance.

Last week I told how a few of us members of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, at our lonely, frozen-in post at Hudson Bay, had to amputate the leg of a woman, without surgical instruments or anesthetic because the nearest doctor was 400 miles away. Those who read that can imagine how many bad teeth and minor operations accumulate in those doctorless and dentistless areas.

As I said in the preceding chapter, occasionally an enterprising doctor or dentist makes a tour of these districts, stopping a day or two at a trader's post or cross-roads farm house and clearing up those odd jobs.

I was sitting in one of the Hudson Bay Company's Northern posts, on a snowy morning, mending some gear in the back room, when a man entered, stamping his feet and shaking the snow from his fur jacket. His first remark was to demand:

"Where's the Mountie?"

Looking in, I saw by his face that he was going to report a murder and he did. The victim was "Old Man" Ryan who had been in charge of the next store of the company where somebody had almost chopped his head in two with an axe. As soon as the messenger had warned his exterior at the big ram-down stove and his interior with three fingers of brandy, I was ready to go back with him to the scene of the crime, about twenty miles away.

He informed me that a customer in need of a plug of "catin' tobacco", early that morning, had knocked at the store without answer. Finally he had pushed in the unlocked door and to his

surprise found the place stone cold. The fact that the door was unlocked and no fire going was unnatural, so after shouting Ryan's name again he looked around and behind the counter found the body, with half the head almost sheared off by what he thought must have been a terrific axe-blow. There were no signs of a scuffle and it was his guess that it had been done as the old man bent over to get something behind the counter.

Robbery had been the motive because the drawer of the till was open and empty and all the cigarettes were missing from their pigeon-holes. In the far North cigarettes are almost like money. He said he could not imagine who had done it—nor could I. After I had looked the situation over I had little to add to his report. Cold hands usually do not leave good finger prints and more often than not, leave none at all because they are encased in mittens.

Also it was Monday and in that temperature it is hard to tell whether a person has been dead six hours or six days, unless rats have been at work. I knew an inspector who talked about "rat hours" in estimating how fast they could gnaw a body.

This was a crime that would not be solved by scientific detection but just plain horse sense. I checked off the character of all the men and women in the neighborhood. Except for a handful of Indians and half-breeds, I could safely eliminate them all from the case. They had their faults—some of them might kill in the heat of passion, but this was murder to steal, which indicates a natural criminal. None of the white men was a thief.

At once I decided to round up the Indians and half-breeds, all of whom had committed various petty thefts from time to time but never been arrested. "Once a thief, always a thief." A man who will steal a little will steal a lot and a thief will always kill if he thinks it advisable and safe. However, I found the rounding up had already been done for me.

Honest men in the wilds help the Mountie a lot by their intelligent co-operation. The honest fellows not only presented themselves to me for questioning but thoughtfully dragged in the reluctant red-skins and half-breeds. These, with their hang-dog expression and shifty eyes looked guilty enough to have been hanged forthwith, if looks had been any evidence. Nevertheless, they all had excellent alibis so I brushed them out of my mind with the others.

"Any strangers around?" I inquired. The little group of white men looked at each other and smiled, as one of them answered:

"Why, yes, there's a doctor and a dentist, been working for a couple of days."

The smile meant that it would be as preposterous to suspect them as the missionary or even a Mountie. Doctors and dentists were friends in need, scarce and precious, who saved people from death and pain. That one of them would kill anyone intentionally was unthinkable to them. However, nothing is unthinkable to the police. I asked about them. Their charges were considered a bit high but their work was good and it is no crime to be grasping. They were jolly, companionable souls I learned, but still "A man can smile and smile and be a villain."

That evening I went over to a saloon where I was told they would probably be found and there they were. I took pains to show no more interest in the pair than in any of the others, knowing that in the course of events I would be sure to meet them naturally. In those days and places the saloon and traders' stores were about the only places for social intercourse. The doctor and dentist were there for business reasons. Here prospective patients would see them, remember their various ailments and briefly state their symptoms. They would get an off-hand diagnosis calculated to make them come over to the "office" in the morning.

Before long someone introduced me. The dentist was a small, nervous-looking man, while the surgeon was sturdy, broad-shouldered and with all the signs of a determined character but a strangely white face. He seemed at ease and unworried, certainly not as if he had a murder on his conscience. To the nervous dentist I said rather sharply:

"Say I want to see you tomorrow."

If the dentist was nervous from blood-guilt, this remark from a policeman should make him jump. But it didn't. He merely asked if it was about a tooth. When I told him it was, he did something I had not seen him do for anyone else that evening. He led me over to the lamp, pulled from a pocket case a little steel-pointed instrument and examined my tooth.

"Yes, it needs to be stopped," he said, and I thought I saw a look of relief in the surgeon's white face. They then became very friendly, insisted on buying me a drink and asked what I thought of the Ryan murder.

"Haven't the slightest idea who did it," I replied, "but the murderer might as well give himself up because he is as good as caught."

"You don't say!" cried the surgeon, regarding me with intense interest, but no more than that of any of the others within ear-shot. "How are you going to catch him?"

That was what they all wanted to know, and I told them: "There are not a dozen natives who could possibly have done it and before twenty-four hours I will have traced every move they made from Saturday night till Monday morning. No stranger could get in and out of this vicinity without being noticed. In a city, a thousand persons may see a stranger and none notice him but in the country everybody stares at a stranger and never forgets him."

"Strangers!" echoed the surgeon, with what looked like good-natured consternation, "I hope you don't suspect us." It was my turn to laugh: "Not you, Doctor, but tomorrow I suspect your partner is going to almost murder me."

Both roared at that not very bright sally and became quite talkative. Their anecdotes about some of their queer patients were really funny and nobody laughed harder than I did. Thus encouraged, they told me what I wanted to know. I learned that they had been through a certain mining district at a certain time which identified them as a pair I had heard called "the Gold Dust Twins." Also I made sure that they would be in town three days more. Next day I did not keep the appointment but sent a note stating truthfully enough that I had been called out of town.

Starting at four in the morning, I reached, in ten hours, the village as when they had worked last, spent three hours making inquiries, changed my dog team, returned, had two hours sleep and called on the medical gentlemen at their "office" about daylight, earlier than they would expect me or anyone else.

When I appeared at the door of the tent which they had erected, and around which they had piled snow for protection, only one of them was there.

This was the smaller man, who I felt sure



A Well-Trained, Powerful Capable of Long Endurance and a Heavy Load.



Prospectors in the Canadian Wilderness, Poorly Provisioned and Inadequately Protected Against the Winter Rigors While They Feverishly Dig for Gold.



A Canadian Trapper, the Countryside During Every Strange Face That Enters the Territory of Great Value Mounted.

Police

Frozen of Picked Men Con- stantly Face Death, and "the Mountie Always Gets His Man"

was an unwilling party to whatever had happened, even if he knew anything about it. He was busy measuring up "dust" and pouring it into little "pokes." There was a very large amount of it, to my mind, and I noticed he looked rather scared when he saw me standing there.

"Business pretty good by the looks of things," I smiled, and he nodded his head as he spoke.

"Where is your mate?"

"Oh, he's gone to make a call—way out a bit."

"Private job?" I suggested, and he nodded.

"That's a lot of gold dust to cart around," I remarked, indicating the little pile on the table.

"Aren't you afraid of getting held up?"

"No. I usually carry a bit around with us."

"It'd be better to leave it with a trading company," I suggested.

I should explain that when anyone has to go to any of the regular trading companies like the Hudson Bay people, and there they will be handed over leather money to the value of the dust.

If they want to they can buy goods with dust just as city folks buy them with money, but for the sake of safety the wiser men always take the leather tokens of the companies, which will be accepted at any of the companies' branches or stores.

After watching him for some time, I remarked:

"The gold dust twins."

He did not speak or look up, but he spilled his dust all over the table. I decided that this nervous little fellow at least did not

know the axe and that his nerves were about

enough for me to pump him.

"Say, what's the idea of your partner throw-

away that brand new axe he just bought

in that last town?" I asked. The little man

apped at my words and then blurted out:

"Good God! Then he did do it."

I told him that it looked that way and that

less he, too, was guilty, he had better tell me

he knew, otherwise they might both stand on

some gallows. Some people like to think

at the death penalty does not prevent murders

at the police don't feel that way about it. This

stint proceeded to tell me everything he knew

it was enough with what I was able to find

so that the surgeon received a death sen-

ce for murdering Ryan. The reason that

stint talked was the same reason he was not

let into the crime—he was afraid of the

reason the surgeon had taken such foolish

ness for a rather small amount of money was

same reason he was out in the wilderness

that he had a white face. That doctor was

ug addict. Among other things I learned

they got their nick names. Whether the

ent was to have a minor operation or a tooth

he was always given a local anesthetic

this was the dope-fiend-doctor's job, with

needle. He always gave a slight yerdome

gh to cause a sort of coma or at least the

tion known as "twilight sleep."

While one of the pair did the work he was

paid for, the other went through the

ent's pockets, removed his "poke" of gold-

weighed it carefully and stole just 20 per

This was enough to make it feel a bit light.

In the woody condition in which I

home it was not enough to no and next

ing he could not be sure when and how the

the shortage had occurred. Only after the pair had moved to pastures new, did enough victims compare notes and cause suspicion to crystallize. Even then nobody was sure.

It was drugs that ruined the surgeon's city practice and women that sent the dentist on the road. That, to my mind, is one of the queerest features of the affair for he was a most unattractive little shrimp to be such a lady killer. But then you never can tell what the ladies will see in a man.

Gold and cold is a combination that has driven many a poor devil to madness and badness. I had dropped into another of those Northern trading posts, comfortable and warm, and was planning to stop an extra day to rest near the big pot-bellied stove. But no—in came a miner from a camp, six days a day to the North, and though his face was all puckered up with the cold, I could see that he was bringing bad news for me. Instead of blurring it out, he proceeded to undress, for all the world like a lady, hunting for her money. Finally he found a crumpled letter from a man at the diggings and handed it to me.

It told of some men who had "gone bad," running amuck, holding up people and taking their gold dust. The man himself confirmed this and added the prophecy that unless somebody went up there and quieted them down, there would be murder. It was quite evident that I was that somebody. With a sigh I went out, hitched up my team of good, fast dogs and set my course for the Pole Star. In five days I made the spot, traveling over snow and floe ice.

The word snow went round that a "Mountie" had arrived, and before long I was being deluged with complaints. A gang of four men had been up to the diggings and drawn blanks. They had been through terrible hardships, and there, together with their lust for gold, had seemed to cause them to go mad. They were using all sorts of violence to get the dust which had evaded them up at the diggings.

I had known this to happen before. A perfectly normal man will become deranged under the stress of hardship, the blinding whiteness of the snow, the ghastly loneliness, and consistent bad luck.

"Where are they now?" I inquired, not relishing the task of tackling four crazed men single handed. Nobody knew. They swooped down on a place, made a quick raid at the point of a gun, and then vanished. There had been some talk of organizing a party to follow them and put an end to their game.

I set out to make inquiries, trying to get some line on the men's hiding place, but couldn't get a clue, and then, one night after I had turned in, I heard the tinkle of bells, and I knew by the agitated jangle of them that it was a team of dogs going at a fast pace.

I cursed my luck, for I felt sure that I was wanted for something, so I tumbled out of my bunk, and by the time the traveller was at the door I had a light on and was opening the door to greet him.

"For God's sake, come over to the creek at once," he gasped in breathless haste. "There's been some dirty work there, and somebody's been done in."

"Who is it?" I inquired, but he could not tell me. There were signs of a terrible struggle having taken place down on the banks of the creek, and in addition to the snow being stained with blood it looked as though bodies had been dragged down to the water and flung in. Would I come at once?

I got my dogs limbered up, a fine team of snappy beasts which could run through a night without tiring. I arrived at the creek some minutes before my informant, thanks to the superior speed of my dogs. I had a hunt round and soon saw that there had been wild doings.

Remnants of food and warm ashes showed me the site of a camp. From there I followed a trail of blood to the bank of the creek. From the condition of the snow it was obvious that some heavy object had been dragged across it, and men resting by the bank. I saw the bodies of two men under the thin ice. They had been dumped into the water and pushed under the ice with a long stick which I found.

Nothing could be done for them, poor devils, so I sent my companions back to the village to get volunteers to come and get them out. In the meantime, I set out on the sled trail which the fugitive had left. I put my own beasts to it at full pelt, and so an hour passed by.

At that time I did not know who the murdered men were—if they were murdered, I was

"As I drew near the muffled figure turned and saw me. As I sprang to grapple with him my leap carried us both into the snow and into such a fight as I never had in my life before. As he bent my head slowly back I remember getting a glimpse of a circle of grinning red mouths. The dogs of both sleds had gathered around and were watching the battle between their masters with great interest."

not even sure of that—nor did I know who was my quarry.

I suppose it was another half-hour before, coming across the silence, I heard the weird cry of a beast as though it were in some terrible pain. I swear that that cry did not sound human. Then a shot reverberated through the canyon I was just entering, followed by silence except the panting of my dogs and the swish of the snow as it passed under the sled.

Giving my team a taste of the lash I followed the sled trail, visible in the moonlight until presently I saw a black object in front of me. I swerved the team and stopped it along side the black patch. The thing was the body of a man with a ghastly hole in its forehead. But worse than that was the maniac's expression on the dead features. It explained that animal-like cry I had heard. Three murders in one evening thus far, and I was on the trail of the murderer. It promised to be a merry little night.

I had my pistol but no idea how many were in this gang of murderers or if they had rifles. There was no doubt that they were desperate, blood-thirsty and would not hesitate to put a bullet through this pursuing Mountie as soon as I loomed up, conspicuous in my uniform. If they had a rifle I would stand no chance at all but be toppled off my sledge at long range and probably eaten by my own dogs before the volunteer miners found me.

It was not a pleasant prospect at all and, if there had been any other Mountie reinforcements in the neighborhood, I would have waited for them because the Government does not want its men to take unnecessary risks. But, under these circumstances, when a man is in hot pursuit of a murderer, risks are considered necessary. So on I went and soon caught sight of my prey.

My dogs were making great speed and shortly I could see that there was only one figure, plying his whip, like the madman I suspected he was. The thing to do was obvious. If possible, I must get within close pistol range before he saw me. In that case I would have a good chance even against a rifle. If ever there was a case of shooting to kill, this looked like a justifiable one.

As I drew near, the figure turned and saw me. I pulled my gun ready to drop him, if he started to fire back. To my surprise, he only uttered a hoarse shout and plied his whip with redoubled energy. In another moment I would be alongside and, if he was going to do any shooting, I wished him to start right then, while I was ready. I ordered him to stop and then fired a shot over his head.

Again he only answered with a curse, so I pulled up, ready to grapple. As I sprang, he caught me across the face with his whip, just missing my eye. My leap carried us both into the snow and into such a fight as I never had in my life before. The man was no bigger than I, but he was as tough as iron. He bit and struck and had all the best of the going, finally getting a wrestler's grip that gradually started to bend me backward until I was sure he was going to break my back.

As my head went slowly back, I remember getting a glimpse of a circle of grinning red

mouths. The dogs of both sleds had gathered around and were watching the battle between their masters with great interest. This murderer had the proverbial strength of a maniac, but also he had a maniac's shifting, changeable mind.

Instead of pushing his advantage to a finish he was tempted to bite my throat and to do this relaxed his fatal grip. This gave me my chance and, in an instant, I had him, twisting his neck till he howled for mercy. Cautiously I eased up and the strength of madness suddenly collapsed into the weakness of weeping. Speaking softly, I asked him what was the matter, but at first was answered only with sobs.

"Cold and Gold, eh Buddy?" I suggested, for it usually quiets madmen to get them to talk.

"Yes," he wept, "Cold and gold and a girl with green eyes."

Then he told me his story. To me it was an old one in many ways. This whimpering wretch had given up a good position in an architect's office to join one of the gold rushes. He had a terrible time of it at the start, but struggled on and at last made a real strike. With his pouches full of gold dust he went back to one of the big stations intent on banking his treasure and returning to his wife and home. At this point he fell into another paroxysm of weeping. Before he could go on I had to brace him up with a drink of brandy.

"Then I went to a dance hall," he said, "and fell for a girl with green eyes. Green eyes I tell you! That got me just as the gold had got me. I fell for her good and proper, I forgot everything except that I wanted her, and, so long as the dust lasted, she played up to me, and I thought that it was the greatest thing in the world."

"I stuck a man through the arm because he looked at her when we were dancing. I would have killed anyone who had hurt a hair of her head; and we planned what we were going to do when we bolted together after I had made another good strike. Then—well, then she just skipped it. I was 'akin' to the wide. I had spent every buck I had on her, and had to make for the diggings again to get going."

"Fell in with this crowd. I was ripe for anything . . . killing anything or anybody. I was out for gold. That is all that troubled me. I must get gold. We held 'em up all over the place. We worked in districts. The other boys were gold mad like me. They had gone through hell and got nothing. They were half mad when I joined them, and we grew madder and madder."

"Then we heard that a Mountie had come and knew it meant we had reached the end of our rope. It sent us completely crazy and tonight, down at the creek, they started a shoot-up. I could see that it meant them or me, so I plugged one of them, just as he plugged another."

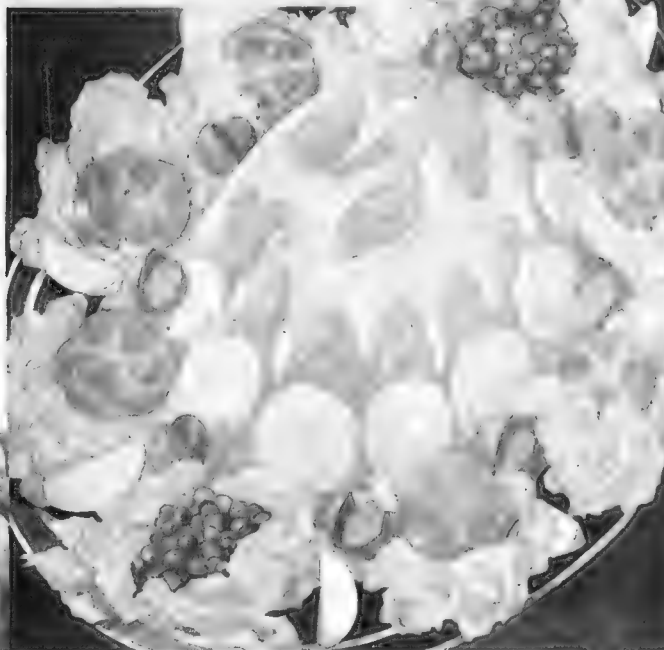
"That left only two of us which was exactly one too many. I read that thought in the other's eyes and I guess he read it in mine. But we

Continued on Page 15

Tang of distant icy seas

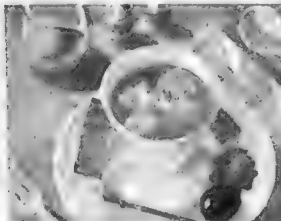
SALMON LUNCHEON (OR SUPPER)

Chill 1 pound can of SALMON. Open, and remove skin. Press into a mound, on a large platter. Sprinkle with lemon juice and cover the mound with mayonnaise dressing, spread thinly. Around the mound place crisp lettuce leaves, slice chilled tomatoes, cucumbers and beets, and arrange on the lettuce and around the base of the mound. Chilled and drained peas may be added, nesting two tablespoons of these here and there in the lettuce. Pour French dressing over the vegetables. Garnish with sprigs of parsley and slices of lemon sprinkled with paprika.



SALMON COCKTAILS

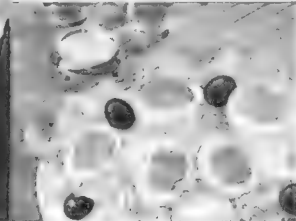
Flake 1 can SALMON. Place 1 heaping tablespoon of it in cocktail glass and over this pour sauce made of 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato catsup, a dash of cayenne, a pinch of salt and a bit of sugar. Serve with crisp, buttered toast bars.



A FOOD FAVORED BY MILLIONS
FOR ITS INCOMPARABLE FLAVOR

DEVILED EGGS WITH SALMON

Boil 6 eggs hard. Remove the shells and cut in halves the long way. Remove the yolks and mince fine. To the egg yolks add a little mustard, a pinch of salt, dash of pepper, tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce, a little mayonnaise and 6 tablespoons of canned SALMON. Mix together thoroughly and fill the whites. Put on lettuce leaves garnished with parsley and serve.



APPETITE, you're back once more!

Young salmon leave their native streams and vanish. In the vast, clean pastures of the ocean depths they range for years, adding pounds to their weight, richness to their flesh. And an incomparable flavor!

In the full flush of maturity they return. Fresh from the ocean, they are prepared for you... Sealed before cooking, and cooked in a way that can't be matched at home. All the flavor, all the food value, saved for your enjoyment!

build up the vitality that sultry days tear down. Here are special food values too: Salmon is one of the few sources of Vitamin D, essential to the health of bones and tissues—said to combat the "degenerative" diseases of later life, and thus aid in maintaining youth itself... Salmon is rich in natural iodine, the foe of goiter.

All this you get in a food that can be served for as little as 5 cents a portion! For extra economy and convenience, buy canned salmon by the case.

FREE... 101 PRIZE-WINNING WAYS TO SERVE "THE KING OF FOOD FISH"

Salmon, just as it comes from the can, cold or hot, is the tempting basis of a meal. And you will also want to use it in recipes for salads, entrees—scores of ways described in "Thousand dollar prize-winning recipes."

This booklet is waiting for you free. It brings you the favorite salmon recipes of good cooks in all parts of the world. Use the coupon to send for it now—before you forget! And in the meantime, try the attractive things described on this page.

Is your appetite sulking these hot days? Open a can of salmon. Divide the contents into portions, and place on a bed of fresh lettuce.

Sniff the tang of distant icy seas... Cool... c-o-o-l... Appetite, you're back once more!

Here is a wealth of wholesome nourishment—needed to

Canned Salmon



FRESH FROM NORTH PACIFIC WATERS

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE SHOWS ECONOMY OF CANNED SALMON

Amount of protein for 10 cents in	
Canned Salmon	162
Strutin Steak	056
Mutton Chops	068
Ham	064
Milk	094
Canned Corn	028
Bananas	011

These figures are taken from a U. S. Department of Commerce Bulletin issued in 1925

THE KING OF FOOD FISH PRESENTS "THE ROYAL FAMILY"

Nature provides several varieties of salmon—several species—in truth, a Royal Family. All varieties are high in food value and delicious in flavor. The prices vary, chiefly because some varieties are more plentiful than others, and because some are brighter in color than others. *Pink Salmon* is especially recommended for its delicate texture and low price. The principal varieties are:

SOCKEYE... CHINOOK... RED COHOE or MEDIUM RED PINK... CHUM

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON

Associated Salmon Packers
1020 Lloyd Building, Seattle, Wash.

Please send me the free booklet, "Thousand dollar prize-winning recipes."

Name _____
Address _____

Don Lorenzo's Bride But Not a Savage

Synopsis of Pleading Chapters.

WHEN Don Lorenzo de Cortes, a handsome, wealthy, blond-looking man, comes to the city of Madrid, he is met by his friend, Isabel, who is a beautiful girl, and who has just recently eloped from her country village in Spain, where she lived with her Aunt Agatha, and married Noel Berkeley, a mysterious Secret Service man.

Isabel pretends to be his husband, but when Lorenzo invites him to dinner Noel encourages her to accept, although his duties require him to tell her later on, she does not know the husband alone, she is making. His story, on Lorenzo's making, she is not to make her false in the eyes of the world. She is on the verge of surrendering everything to Noel when he returns and tells her to go away from the impetuous Don Lorenzo. When Noel, who is really a crook, returns two days later, he is fleeing from an unsuccessful burglary in which he shot a detective. Don Lorenzo helps him leave the country and she demands that Noel surrender to the police. She tells her later, and at his mercy, Isabel agrees, France, Isabel traveling as the wife of Don Lorenzo.

In Paris Don Lorenzo leads her to a house and she is vaguely jealous when she realizes that he must have done the same thing with countless other women. She tells her later, and at his mercy, Isabel agrees, France, Isabel traveling as the wife of Don Lorenzo.

CHAPTER IX.

Complications. WHEN Isabel rushed into Don Lorenzo's bedroom he was standing beside his bed in a dressing gown.

"Hullo!" he cried, his face lighting up with a smile. "Our Queen honors us with a morning visit to our bedroom!" But he noticed her expression of excitement and concern, and his smile faded in an instant. "What has happened? What has frightened you, Isabel?" he asked quickly.

"Read this," ordered Isabel, thrusting the Continental Daily Mail into his hands and pointing to the paragraph which was the cause of her agitation. Don Lorenzo scanned the news of his friend's drawing together in a crowd of perplexity.

"Don't understand," he exclaimed, turning to look searchingly at Isabel after he had read the news. "Why are you so excited, Isabel? Do you know anything of this fellow who has been arrested?"

"No, no! I have never heard of him before," replied Isabel breathlessly. "But don't you realize that if it was he who committed the burglary, he who shot the detective, it means that Noel is innocent?"

"No, my dear Isabel," Lorenzo responded, shaking his head and glancing again at the newspaper. "This only means that the police have arrested the wrong man!"

"But it says he has no reply to the charge," Isabel pointed out. "Surely a man accused of murder would protest his innocence unless he was guilty?"

"He probably knew it would avail him nothing to plead innocence at the first stage of the proceedings, particularly if—as is not unlikely—he has been in the hands of the police before," said Lorenzo. "No matter what he had said, he would have been remanded after formal evidence. At the next hearing, when further evidence is put forward, he will doubtless be able to prove an alibi."

"But—but isn't it possible that it was he, and not Noel, who shot the detective?"



Intercept him. I was not aware, of course, that a police detective had also been on the watch, and I assure you I was not who gave the police warning. The shooting affair caused me to alter my plans, and, so you know, I took the great risk of aiding Berkeley to escape. I wonder what Berkeley's sensations are now if he has heard the news that the detective is alive. "It is terrible! Ghastly!" exclaimed Isabel excitedly. "And Berkeley's guilt, but if I know Noel told me himself that it was he who shot the detective, but you were with him, and you have admitted you meant to get rid of him and get possession of me. There seems something strange and sinister about the whole tragic affair."

"Perhaps you are going to suggest that I was who committed the burglary and shot the detective, then hypnotized Berkeley into taking my guilt on his shoulders?" asked Lorenzo ironically. "Do be sensible, my dear Isabel! The fact that the police have arrested another man does not affect Berkeley's guilt, but if they pursue the charge against the man they have arrested, he will be placed in a most embarrassing position."

"What do you mean?"

"Supposing an arrested man is unable to prove and establish an alibi, supposing there is circumstantial evidence to connect him with the crime, supposing the police can build up a case against him and he is committed to stand his trial for murder! All supposition, I grant you, but it would not be the first time that an innocent man has found himself in the meshes of the law, and he has tried for a crime in which he took no part."

Lorenzo, if Noel, in the meantime, Isabel, then stopped abruptly, catching her breath as the reality of what was in Lorenzo's mind. "You mean that the only way to save him might be by denouncing Noel!" she resumed.

Lorenzo nodded grimly. "That is what I meant, Isabel," he said. "It is improbable in the highest degree that Berkeley would confess even to save an innocent man, therefore the only chance we have is to let an innocent man go to the scaffold, which might happen if we kept silence."

"It would be a terrible situation—terrible!" Isabel agreed, after a tense pause, her golden-brown eyes dark with dread. "But—but isn't there a chance that there has been a mistake—I mean that it may have been the man who has been arrested, and not Noel, who shot the detective?"

"No, Isabel," replied Lorenzo emphatically. "You heard Berkeley's confession from his own lips, and he told me he had no accomplices. The only mistake is on the part of the police, who have arrested and charged the wrong man."

"Heaven grant that the man is able to prove his innocence, and that we are not placed in the terrible position of having to denounce Noel!" exclaimed Isabel fervently. "Amen!" said Lorenzo gravely. Isabel was shaken to her depths. Remembering Noel's vivid recollection of the man who had been arrested, she found it almost impossible to her, that he had been acting a part at the instigation of Don Lorenzo. She remembered the combination of circumstances made her imagine there must have been a conspiracy.

The mere thought of being faced with the alternative of being compelled to allow an innocent man to pay the penalty for her husband's crime or denounce Noel as the murderer struck terror into her heart.

"I shall be morally a murderer," she exclaimed. "If I am forced to denounce Noel, I shall feel like Judas. Oh, what have I done!"

"Lorenzo, Lorenzo," Isabel panted, falling on her knees before him, "you promised—your promise not to make violent love to me until we reached Spain."

"I understand, darling," said Lorenzo as he broke off choking with emotion, and he kissed her tenderly on the brow. "I know my Isabel is not a coward. Shall I leave you alone for a little while to recover yourself? Then I suggest we go out and enjoy the sunshine in the Luxembourg Gardens, or seek distraction watching the cosmopolitan crowds in the boulevards. And perhaps we will discover that we are magnifying our troubles."

Isabel nodded acquiescence, and he withdrew, leaving her to do her best to control her agitation and remove the cause of fear. A "good cry" does most women good, acting as emotion's safety valve. Isabel found that her terror and apprehension had abated considerably.

She found herself wondering why she had been so anxious to make Don Lorenzo the "victim of the piece," as it were, and was compelled to reflect on what might have been the result if she had not come into her life, to wonder if she was not foolish to ignore the fact that she was not alone in the world.

So she found herself less fearful and less heavy of heart when she left the Elysée Palace with Lorenzo a little later on a sight-seeing tour of Paris. Don Lorenzo, too, seemed to have shed his anx-

said Isabel brokenly, but making a brave effort to control her tears. "I am not afraid of anything—of anything!" she said, stroking her hair. "I am not afraid of anything—of anything!" she said, stroking her hair.

"I am not afraid of anything—of anything!" she said, stroking her hair. "I am not afraid of anything—of anything!" she said, stroking her hair.

"I am not afraid of anything—of anything!" she said, stroking her hair. "I am not afraid of anything—of anything!" she said, stroking her hair.

"I am not afraid of anything—of anything!" she said, stroking her hair. "I am not afraid of anything—of anything!" she said, stroking her hair.

ely and shaken off his depression, and he talked so cheerfully and amiably as he rushed Isabel from place to place, giving her no time to brood over her troubles and keeping her interested.

"Five o'clock found them at a dais, dancing together to the exquisite music of a Hungarian Gipsy orchestra. Thence back to the Elysée Palace, where Isabel, to her amazement, found her room half-filled with boxes, and four young women waiting to display a selection of hats and shoes."

"I rang up this morning, darling, and ordered them to send round a selection of their latest models for your inspection," explained Lorenzo smilingly. "May I remain while you make your choice? I want to see if it is true that a new hat goes to a woman's head quicker than a cocktail."

"What an extraordinary person you are!" Isabel exclaimed. "I'm not so shabby that you felt ashamed of me!" "It is quite charming, my dear Isabel, but the Señora de Cortes is surely not going to be satisfied with one hat," responded Lorenzo. "I intend that you shall be one of the best-dressed women in Spain. Do, please, let me watch you trying on the latest Parisian head-wear creations."

Isabel felt inclined to protest that she did not want hats or shoes, but the assistants were already holding out a variety of models temptingly, and presently the "Señora de Cortes" was trying on hats, selecting and selecting, and turning repeatedly to Lorenzo in ask if he approved of her choice.

"Your tastes coincide remarkably with mine," Don Lorenzo said, "The models you have chosen are precisely the ones I would have selected. Now let us see if you are as good as you are. Now let us see if you are as good as you are. Now let us see if you are as good as you are."

"At Isabel had the feeling of being a Cinderella over whom a fairy godmother had waved her magic wand as she selected shoes to go with the beautiful gowns purchased for her on the previous day."

"These must be very expensive," she remarked, when the assistant displayed a pair of silver evening shoes with diamond buckles of exquisite design and workmanship.

"The Señora de Cortes has no occasion to trouble her pretty head about prices," interpolated Lorenzo in Spanish. "I will pay the price, whatever it is. The price need not trouble you, my Isabel."

Isabel flashed a glance at him, to find that he was smiling indulgently, but she could not help feeling that his words held a hidden meaning.

"It is the price I may have to pay which troubles me," she said quietly, and felt the color staining her cheeks.

"Your creditor will not exact payment if he thinks you cannot pay," responded Lorenzo cryptically, and left Isabel gasping and wondering.

CHAPTER X. Spain. A night Isabel found herself wondering if Lorenzo was already becoming tired of her, for his manner towards her had altered, while always attentive and courteous to a degree, had

been less so. She had been told that he was smiling indulgently, but she could not help feeling that his words held a hidden meaning.

"It is the price I may have to pay which troubles me," she said quietly, and felt the color staining her cheeks.

"Your creditor will not exact payment if he thinks you cannot pay," responded Lorenzo cryptically, and left Isabel gasping and wondering.

CHAPTER X. Spain. A night Isabel found herself wondering if Lorenzo was already becoming tired of her, for his manner towards her had altered, while always attentive and courteous to a degree, had

been less so. She had been told that he was smiling indulgently, but she could not help feeling that his words held a hidden meaning.

"It is the price I may have to pay which troubles me," she said quietly, and felt the color staining her cheeks.

"Your creditor will not exact payment if he thinks you cannot pay," responded Lorenzo cryptically, and left Isabel gasping and wondering.

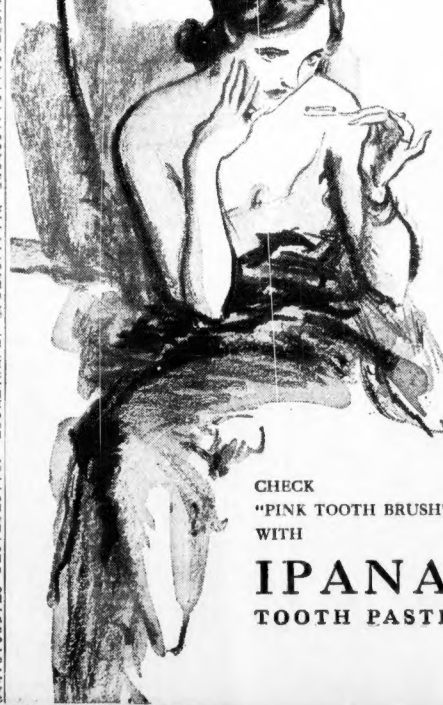
CHAPTER X. Spain. A night Isabel found herself wondering if Lorenzo was already becoming tired of her, for his manner towards her had altered, while always attentive and courteous to a degree, had

been less so. She had been told that he was smiling indulgently, but she could not help feeling that his words held a hidden meaning.

"It is the price I may have to pay which troubles me," she said quietly, and felt the color staining her cheeks.

"Your creditor will not exact payment if he thinks you cannot pay," responded Lorenzo cryptically, and left Isabel gasping and wondering.

"Pink tooth brush!" I'm too young . . . too cleanly . . . too careful!



"PINK tooth brush" respects neither youth nor age, and it may attack those who brush their teeth a dozen times a day! It's a warning that your gums are weak and flabby. The trouble is soft foods . . . hasty eating . . . lack of exercise for your gums. And gums that have become tender and "touchy"—gums that bleed even so slightly—inve gingivitis, Vincent's disease or pyorrhea, and court the loss of good, sound teeth!

So the best way to fight gum infection is before it starts. The modern and efficient way is with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage!

Bring your gums to health with Ipana and massage

To beat gum troubles, thousands of dentists use regular massage of the gums—when and while you clean your teeth. Many of the most prominent specialists add: "Use Ipana!" For it tones and stimulates your gums. It contains ziralol, the hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders.

You'll like Ipana's pleasant, refreshing, clean taste. You'll find that it keeps teeth beautifully white and sparkling. But, more than this, you'll be amazed at how much harder, how much more rugged, how much sounder it will make your gums!

Get Ipana today from your druggist. With its help, start tonight to keep your gums as well as your teeth in health. For Ipana is the best dentifrice that money can buy, and that kind of a dentifrice, like that kind of a dentist, is never a luxury.

CHECK "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" WITH IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. W-482 73 West New York, N. Y. U. S. A. Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.



LOST—A PESSIMIST. He hated to get up in the morning and he grumbled until after breakfast. Finder can keep. We have an optimist now!

(Signed) HIS FAMILY

If you are a morning pessimist, perhaps you won't believe this true story. If you don't believe it, we dare you to disprove its truth tomorrow morning!

When the alarm rings, don't burrow like a mole under the pillow—jump up and run for the tub as if you were making a slide for second base!

When the water gushes in merrily, plop yourself in with Ivory. In 30 seconds flat you can churn up a fine fluffy frosting of Ivory bubbles that will make you look like a wedding cake! (Note to wife: This won't work if you have thoughtlessly provided the tub with a low-

spirited slippery sliver of self-drowning sinker soap!)

Then chill and serve—turn on the cold water faucet! You'll soon be bouncing out of the tub feeling as frisky as if you'd just received an extra dividend!

Now where's the grudge, the grumble, the grouch? We try to be honest. So we leave the answer up to you. Ask yourself why your skin feels as smooth and well fitting as if it had just come from a Bond Street tailor. Ask yourself if any other luxury costs so little—why, a week's supply of Ivory baths costs less than a mere shoe shine.

...kind to everything it touches · 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure · "It floats"

